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HOPOIHIPI, OR RAT'S TOOTH.

PER MARE, PER TERRAS

BEING

A VISIT TO NEW ZEALAND BY AUSTRALIA,
FOR THE EXAMINATION OF CERTAIN LANDS THERE
DURING 1883-84 & AMERICA IN 1885

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BY

ARCHIBALD SUTTER, C.E. EDIN.

INSPECTOR FOR H.M. LAND OFFICE;

MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS, LONDON

LONDON
T. FISHER UNWIN
26 PATERNOSTER SQUARE
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PREFACE.

UPON landing in Australia, my first impressions were that every sin laid at the door of Brother Jonathan flourished rampant in Australia and New Zealand—more offensive and more rudely shown than anything of the same nature in the United States of America; and my other visits to the States confirmed me in this opinion.

Again, there is a very offensive tone shown to what is called a "new chum," more so if the new chum is supposed to be unable to resent the many annoyances to which he is subjected. No doubt, this is common in many lands, but in Australia it seems to be more evident.

Sydney Post-office—a grand building, worthy of any city in the world—has its Money-order office situated in a private street, and away from the main building. On asking one of the officials

where it was, I was civilly told to "Look;" and certainly had no reason to thank him for any assistance in finding it. From the general rudeness of the answers given, I ultimately determined that I would not ask the colonists anything, or the way to any place, either in Sydney or Melbourne. I need hardly say that I found matters in the States very different indeed. When formally introduced to them, however, the manners of the colonists change in a remarkable way; and no kinder people seem to exist than those of Sydney and Melbourne. But, oh dear me, how intolerably rude they are at first!

At Adelaide a simple question to a stranger in the train procured me much sound information and great kindness, along with a present of two books upon the subject. I did not get his name, and can only thank him here. Glenelg, I think, was his residence. 'There may be kindness in the breast of every Australian, but the bitter, bitter tears that must have been shed in secret by new chums at the hateful, rude, and insulting opening scene between the colonist and his emigrant employé, can be known only to those who have experienced colonial rudeness.

New Zealand life seemed very like Australian—curt and rude. They were, however, partly civil, and after a short time became very nice indeed.

There is a way colonists have in taking great pains to impress visitors with their infinite superiority to the old country—*e.g.*, the English Derby Day must "pale its ineffectual fire" before that of its Melbourne namesake. On this point I declared my inability to speak, but assured them of my firm belief in their assertion. A leading article in one of the principal newspapers even goes in for this.

The colonists are also very amusing in their way of reasoning. One lady assured me, after a long, prosy sermon in a meeting-house, that she could never have understood it had she not been to Rome; but as the discourse was about John Bunyan, I never could make out why! This applies to a great many other things.

On the voyage a charming widow asked what I should first desire to see upon landing. My reply was Botany Bay, of which ballad-vendors had sung on the streets—

> "For here we are, six nice young men, all sent to Botany Bay."

But it gave her much offence. She looked injured and annoyed for a whole day at my very simple reply, but a passenger afterwards said that there might be a reason. Botany Bay I did see first after landing, but was rather disappointed.

On the voyage out the matter of free settlers and squatters was constantly under discussion, and it was difficult to get even a civil answer or explanation of the subject. Generally, it took this form :—

A Squatter is a gentleman who rents a sheep-run.
A Free Settler—A darned coon who takes his neighbours' water-hole—a cockatoo, and so on.
Money—A bit of sugar.
A Stranger—A new Chum.
Squirm—Americanism for anything feared to the body.
You bet—American.
Blooming place—Any trash situation.
Hoodlum or Larrikin—Young roughs.

Sent out by a firm of London bankers to report upon certain valuable properties in New Zealand, ascertain their capabilities and so on, I met with various classes of gentlemen, and in most cases (having been properly introduced) received great kindness; nevertheless, many were positively rude

—"brusque" is the proper term—both in their remarks and behaviour; and this, too, from well-educated men from whom better manners might have been expected. Their position in life did not give them any call for this assumption of superiority. Many travellers I met with also complained of this rudeness—in fact, a "Colonist" is disliked, and the reason is quite apparent.

The strange value land-agents gave to property —so utterly unlike what the same brings in this country, and the irritation several of them exhibited upon my wishing some proof of the value mentioned, caused a dry feeling to arise towards me; yet I am now convinced that some information given me was simply to try and raise the prices to new-comers. Securities are liable to extreme fluctuations in a colony, and investors should be careful not to take, without sufficient advice, local information. For instance, you come to a dead-and-alive looking town—a mere erection of boards, ludicrous in the extreme, with wooden pillars, wooden verandahs, wooden porticoes, wooden steps, and so on—quite the reverse of what you have been led to expect from the charming bit of descriptive writing contained

in the agent's prospectus. Three or four debauched-looking men, without coats, with dirty boots, dirty hands and faces, and seemingly the whole population of the place, lean against the valuable tenement, stare at you and spit. A value is attached to this locality much greater than an outskirt of London—the land round about being rented at a few shillings per acre, or purchasable for two or three pounds per acre; yet a demand is made for a street lot of, say, from one to twenty pounds *per foot* of frontage. This staggers strangers accustomed to value land, and although bargains and great hits are made in many such places, in new countries, it is by resident men these chances are picked up, and rarely, if ever, do they go to the man from a distance wanting a good investment, unless he resides in some near town, and keeps his capital ready for a chance.

For cattle rearing I know of no better place than New Zealand. Land, however, should not be purchased off-hand. The cleared land where the Kauri Forests have grown, or where the Kauri wood exists, should be avoided, as the land gets a bad name. I have seen much of this;

it appeared fair and good, yet, when ploughed and cultivated, it never increased in value, gave poor crops, and was useless as feeding ground, and from this the bad name arises. Near the sea, upon the sandstone measures, land is almost always bad; but when well inland and at a good elevation—say, about 1000 or 2000 feet above the sea level—it is most productive, even when covered with common pumice stone. Cattle thrive at once, and the whole face of the district changes in two or three years.

I am now looking at a map showing a settlement for emigrants. Railways are laid down in districts where they may not be constructed for very many years, if ever constructed at all, and the only railway in existence in the district is not shown in any way upon the map—query, why? This wish to encourage emigration leads to much disappointment when the settler finds that he has not been well informed as to the land he is to occupy. Its utter desolation, its loneliness, its distance from civilisation, all tend to depress him, make him home-sick, or indignant at being misled.

Intending settlers in New Zealand should try and see those gentlemen recently returned from

the district upon which they wish to settle, and get all information, in spoken words, before going out. I would advise, say, an elder brother to go out first, select the land, and then let the whole family follow.

Houses of the most simple description are very costly to rent in large cities, and the usual way is to board in some hotel. Of course, in a hotel the billiard-saloon is in full swing, the bar ever open, society of a decent description very rare, and admission into such difficult—Auckland may be taken as a type of these colonial cities. The "new chum" had better therefore board at a hotel until he can find his way about, read the local papers, study the maps published by the Ordnance Department until he gets his directions, ride over all the farms advertised for sale until he sees something for his choice,—and even then he should locate for some weeks about the place and get "speirings" of the why and wherefore of the sitting tenant selling or letting his claim go. Land is so plentiful that there need be no haste in the matter of selection, and the stay at a good hotel may get him more information and truthful advice than he can procure in a town from local agents. I would

also strongly advise the settler to have some trade beyond farming at his finger-ends—say, some knowledge of sawing wood by machinery; building in brick or stone; forging a piece of iron—a broken axle, for example; erecting a wire fence, making repairs on harness, fishing and curing fish, making soap, killing sheep or cattle, preserving fruit, brewing beer, etc.; I mean, be able to do these things himself without any assistance. Also, such domestic accomplishments as baking bread from flour, water, and salt,—in fact, making "damper" that can be eaten without injuring himself or his men.

The colonist complains naturally of the class sent out. Is there an evil boy in a family—he is sent to the colonies; is stationed there with a shepherd in some remote district, his only amusement being shooting or fishing; and when drink is procurable, he gets into some scrape—leading, perhaps, to dismissal. They also complain that those sent out are seldom able to add up an account or write legibly; they may be good Greek scholars, but utterly unfit for the ordinary duties of a clerk or assistant at a station. Now, this is exactly why they are sent from home to the

colonies; they are sent because strange stories come home of men who cannot read or write, having made great fortunes. Now, such statements should at once be doubted. That illiterate men succeed occasionally is true, but they are the exception, not the rule; and a man who is not a fair arithmetician, or with some other qualification, has a poor chance of a higher wage than 25s. per week.

Servants, or helps, are another source of annoyance to which settlers are subjected. Domestic servants are generally taken from this country, and well-recommended men and women do succeed when taken along with a family,—only, the girls marry and leave without one thought of how their masters are to be provided, laughing at the idea of any moral obligation on their part, even after the most serious promises had been made before leaving Britain. There are, however, very good men in New Zealand—careful, steady, and attentive; so much so that unless the intending settler has perfect confidence in his domestic, it is better to provide assistance for the work required locally, when the farmer has determined upon the employment to be followed on his station.

Maori, or native labour, is good, and largely employed. They get the name, however, of being lazy at times; but as a rule they work very hard, and are quite as much to be depended upon as men or women from this country. The women are especially good, as far as I have heard, and seem cleanly and attentive. Of course, I can only speak of those whom I have met with, and my testimony, therefore, may not be of much value.

In making a road on Lake Taupo, the wages paid were 6s. 6d. per day for native labour; they struck work, wanting 10s. I have not heard how the matter was settled.

In Sydney two native boys were shown me serving with Mr. Mackay. They were very clean and well-dressed, very intelligent-looking; and I was assured peaceable, and as good men as any from Britain. The way there is to take the whole family to the station, give them separate accommodation from the Whites, and treat them kindly. They are extremely useful in tracking stock, and any of the ordinary duties of a shepherd on a station. I presume the natives have upon many occasions been treated like "new chums,"—if so, I can understand why white men are disliked.

The examination of land in Missouri in 1885 will perhaps appear out of place in this volume; but it must be kept in mind that about one-half of the book is occupied by description and notes upon American ground passed over in 1884.

During my first visit to America in 1881 my impressions were crude, in 1884 they were in many cases confirmed, in 1885 experience had taught me much; but one thing I do feel, that Americans are quite as kindly as my first impressions led me to think them, although many of their ways may be crooked.

CHAMBERS, 3 HILL STREET,
EDINBURGH, *November* 1886.

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Orion and Southern Cross (*facing* page 79).

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New Zealand—Thermal Region, North Island—Showing Route taken between Auckland and Tauranga in 1884 (*facing* page 80).

United States (*facing* page 160).

ARCTIC OCEAN
GREENLAND
SPITZBERGEN
ICELAND
NORTH AMERICA
SOUTH AMERICA
EUROPE
ASIA
AFRICA
AUSTRALIA
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
INDIAN OCEAN
ANTARCTIC OCEAN
CHART OF THE WORLD
ON MERCATORS PROJECTION

CHAPTER I.

FROM LONDON TO MALTA AND PORT SAID.

FROM Liverpool Street Station, London, at eleven forenoon, on the 23rd November, 1883, a special train conveyed passengers to Tilbury for the P. & O. Royal Mail S.S. *Carthage*. All seemed very cheerful, but there is a sadness in despite of all their seeming joy. It is a long passage, and many never can meet again; but all keep looking what they do not feel. Many shake hands and part at the railway platform. This is better than going to the ship, as many do break down and are very sad. Tilbury is reached in about an hour, the tender steamer is crowded, the day is fortunately fair, and all get to the *Carthage* safely, hunt up their berths, and get stowed away quietly if old travellers; but new hands lose their luggage, get into trouble with their fellow-passengers, stewards, and others, soon after they get on board.

The strange number of Lascars on the ship doing seamen's duty, and their meek way of doing

it; their thin white clothing, and misery from cold, make every one feel sorry for the poor fellows.

The berths are all very dark, and look more so until the eye gets accustomed to them. The bell now sending off the tender is heard, cheers are given by the passengers again and again. After the tender disappears most people begin to try and find fellow-passengers, lost luggage, and such like, so that by dinner-time things are arranged pleasantly, and some one remarks, that "she is off," which is the case, the huge ship having been under weigh more than an hour before it is remarked.

Night now closes in, the lights on shore are clear and distinct; Hastings, Deal, Dover, and other towns are all pointed out as they are passed; the sea is calm, but the night is extremely dark. A gong in the ship's bows is kept constantly going, one blow indicating a ship ahead, two blows ship on the left side, and three blows the right.

The Lascars go about the deck shivering with cold, and look very unhappy; the watch from the bridge shouts a strange sea-warning, a sort of "all's well," interpreted thus—"The place where you are standing, sir, is all right; all the lights are clear and burning bright." This is given in Hindustani, and seems a strange jumble of sounds. Lascar then looks at the light to see if he has reported

correctly; the cry is taken up from bows to stern, and then the Lascar resumes his dreary walk at the bows; gradually all drop off, and the deck is quite deserted; the saloon is occupied by card parties, until eleven o'clock rings, 'Lights out;' then nothing more is heard until daylight. The morning watch brought a gale from south-west, and this kept on gradually increasing. The Isle of Wight and the English coast are seen fitfully all day; in the evening, Ushant Light is seen, and now the Bay of Biscay is before us, with a full November gale, the heaviest of the season. The ship rolled and tumbled like a fishing-boat for two days; no sail was set, or any man seen aloft; the sea broke over the ship from stem to stern—great huge black seas; all the boats are secured—in fact, nothing can be done on deck; the few passengers at the top of the saloon stair hold on to each other miserably; ladies are all sick, shivering with cold, held fast by fathers, husbands, stewards, or others; the rolling is simply tremendous, and the terror in many cases very great. Through the day, short though it is, the misery can be endured, but when all is dark terror is added to the many ills; the fate of the *London* openly talked of; but the officers are cheerful, and, as nothing can be done, patiently wait. The third day brings much higher

seas, much longer rolls, but less broken water, and to-morrow is cheerfully spoken of; and to-morrow came—the loveliest, the most beautiful morning man could have seen; clear blue sea, a very heavy roll, but no rain or wind, simply exquisite weather for some hours.

A great number of steamers were now seen, generally about 1000 tons burthen; they are in the fruit trade, and returning from the Mediterranean. Certainly a passage during the gale in one of these vessels must have been very trying; they seemed half out of the water, and in many cases damaged, but they held on their way, and in a very short time are out of sight. Passengers are now all on deck, with the exception of a few invalids; and the pleasure to those not sea-sick great. Towards the afternoon, however, the storm is again upon us, and great seas hurl over the ship. Canvas had been spread early in the morning, but now it is partly taken in, and what remains is blown to ribbons; split sails and much commotion. Lascars upon the yards, and high up on the topgallant masts, work hard to get the tattered canvas secured, or new sails bent, their cry when hauling on a rope being, "Allah, Allah, il-Allah!" Before evening the Bullion Rocks are passed, and the Straits of Gibraltar approached;

the towns upon the African side—and there are many of them—all are well lit up, each with a good harbour light. Gibraltar mole and light-house are now pointed out, the town appears dark, and the land outline only discernible; whilst high in the heavens the constellation of the Plough points to an unseen pole-star low down on the horizon.

All night towns or villages on the African coast are seen lighted up, but none on the Spanish side; and in the morning the splendid mountains of the Sierras are clearly seen—red rocky mountains, capped with snow, stretch far away in the distance towards Spain, and at sunset these mountains disappear. The Algerine mountains and coast now become clear and distinct until evening, when they also disappear. There is a great gale of wind, without much sea. The vessel, however, keeps pitching, and the several vessels passed are all evidently suffering from the gale. It is right ahead, and walking on deck most uncomfortable from the spray. The coast of Tunis is seen in the distance, seemingly very lovely; heavy showers of rain passing over it, and the weather is now much warmer, although there is a cold wind.

Malta may be expected to-morrow—Malta that I have heard, read, and thought of. I wonder if it will come up to my expectations? A lady artist

gets her easel on deck; of course it bothers everybody near; is knocked over with the lurching, and odd, ungentlemanly and ungodly remarks made regarding it; but the production—she explained it to everybody—should have been "our great work," but it did not seem to be appreciated. The Island of Goza is seen, with green pasture land on the level top of the island, and black precipices all round, yellow rock being the predominating colour; the sea, evidently anything but calm, breaking all round the exposed parts of the island. It has no marked feature, but is a long, low island, with grassy surface, a lighthouse, and many detached rocks; some buildings like barracks and fortified places. No ships, no shipping, no active steamers about—all dead. The gale is now so bad that the entrance to Malta may not be attempted, and this causes some anxiety; but all is got over; the steamer, gale or no gale, slowly enters the harbour of Valetta, and takes up a berth at the Quarantine Harbour, flying a yellow flag, coaling at the same time. To land is the next best thing, and to do so there are a great many good boats, the price being sixpence or a shilling, as you are soft or otherwise. The landing jetty reached, the walk to the town may be taken as one half-mile between enormous walls of masonry, say 60 or

70 feet high, and up very many stairs; but stairs are everywhere. The usual number of touters go with you, speaking Greek, Armenian, Italian, English. How I do envy ragged fellows, each with six languages, and perhaps more! The Moorish remains, in the shape of designs over doorways, are at every turn. Arabesques wrought in iron, and painted with great skill; saints over doors, and much to delight—an artist could go on for months, the wrought-iron scrolls alone being worth spending months over. I understand there are several works on these subjects written by good artists, and these are easily procured. The photographic art here comes in good stead from its great merit in giving details clearly. The streets abound with examples—quaint pieces of sculpture, virgins and saints. There are capital shops, good hotels, and cheap hires. The railway station is upon a bastion near the head of the town. The theatre, a large and well-arranged building, not then open; but now I get into a conveyance, and drive slowly. The Church of St. John is the finest in the island, and has a great many pictures. They have the tinge of age, and are curious in themselves. The church is very finely built, evidently at different ages and by different architects. The whole forms a harmonious mass, curious and interesting. The

interior is a pure Italian design, surrounded with organ pipes, pictures, candles, and saintly appliances of approved designs, all gilded, and splendid beyond description. And now we get to the Church of the Capuchins, where the dead monks are preserved; taking my turn, the sacristan unlocks a door allowing several fellow-passengers to depart who declare the sight dreadful. The lower part of the building has the niches filled up with dead ecclesiastics: they are dried, withered, and in the last stage of decay; some newly placed in the niche are intact, others have fallen over, their teeth project from their mouths, their wretched fingers hold the crosses put into them, their bodies covered with clothes, but mock their limbs; and all this for what?—that a body of men may draw a small revenue from their exhibition. It is not horrible, it is simply sorrowful, to have poor human remains exposed for a show.

On again, oranges are growing in the public gardens, but the day is cold and showery. The sight of an orange sets the teeth on edge; the gardens are very nicely situated, overlooking the harbour, so that they cannot but be very attractive. The harbour winds all round both sides of the town of Valetta—endless creeks of great depth give shelter from every wind that blows to the largest men of war, and the stately mail steamers of all

nations. As to the strength of the walls, they cannot be great. The blocks are all soft sandstone; the guns mounted are small, old-fashioned, and useless for modern warfare; but, it is remarked, a few resolute men could hold the place for a long time. The drives round Malta are most interesting. I saw few remains of those Knight Templars so much written about, and now little heard of; in fact, information on this subject can only be obtained after great research in the libraries of the churches. The roads to the harbour are all most interesting, being scarped deep behind the walls, thus affording shelter and communication in the event of a siege. Immense sums of money must have been expended upon almost useless works of defence. The quarantine, the marine station, coaling stations, and other depots, are very centres of activity—places to visit and remember for ever. They are outside the town proper, close to the water, and are densely peopled with very nimble natives. There is little money in the place, except what is picked up from strangers visiting the town; so the natives are generally rapacious from necessity. Photos. of every place can be procured; pens, pencils, telescopes, etc., all very good and moderate in price. Invalids can board, lodge, or live in

hotels very cheaply, as the necessaries of life, wine, etc., are all moderate.

As far as my experience goes Malta is not more of a cheat than any other colony; certainly they do prey upon each other, and upon strangers when they get the chance; but where upon this earth is the same thing not done?

The geological formation of this island is sandstone, and the highest point somewhere about 600 feet above the level of the sea.

The rocks appear a dull yellow colour, with dark black fissures and brilliant green slopes.

The fortifications of the Island of Gozo appear to form regular lines, as seen from Valetta, and every available spot is utilised for this purpose.

The population is given at 145,000 for all the islands, but it fluctuates a good deal.

Historically, this island begins with St. John, and it does appear to have some resemblance to the description of where he landed; but very vivid indeed must that person's imagination be who sees it.

There are many good hotels and shops in queer parts of the town. There are also two good club houses for naval and military men. Shopmen are really civil, and do not ask much more than twice what they will take; but they do come down a bit when pressed.

A Maltese native is readily known in any part of the world by his extremely Jewish face and Hebrew cast all over. His general get-up is —trousers much too long for him, very wide at his shoes; no linen worth mentioning, and frequently a red sash round his body. He will promise you anything, and give most politely, in Italian or English, a very good description of any place; whether the description is accurate or otherwise is really of no moment. Of course, should you wish accurate information upon any point in freemasonry, a higher authority must be consulted, but for general information a common Maltese is a good and polite guide.

At the entrance to St. John's Church there are many guides sitting at the door, ready for visitors. One fellow offered to take me through the church for one guinea, which was declined curtly, to the intense amusement of his brethren.

A story is told—I know it is true—of a Maltese engaged as cook upon an expedition up the Nile. He procured provisions when others could get none, and, strange to say, always a beefsteak for dinner. This was cooked admirably, and before cooking he politely requested the company to be ready—they were going to have a "bif-stick;" then they heard his voice giving directions to the

assistant cook, "Put on ye bif-stick," "turn him," "turn him again." "Put on ye salt, put on ye pepper, turn him again, gentlemen, it is ready;" and it was served up accordingly.

All this time he stood pretending to look at a watch—a duffer without handles—he then entered the room, received the thanks of the company for his exertions, bowed, and retired, then got regularly screwed upon "raki."

There are lots of very pretty Maltese dogs constantly offered for sale in the streets, at prices varying from one shilling to five pounds, according to quality; but they are a bother in the ship, and should be avoided. Curios of all sorts, chain-mail, swords, etc., are also plentiful, and really very pretty. You can also get bones of saints, crucifixes, and so on, if you wish them.

The prevailing religion is Roman Catholic, there being a great many curious and beautiful churches in the island. Many of the lesser churches are well worth a visit, but this requires more time than usually allotted to visitors.

Now, during all the tempest in the Bay of Biscay and up the Mediterranean, various efforts were made by the ladies to get music out of the saloon piano. Certainly it was a good one, and, when properly handled, behaved well. There was

only a limited number of musical passengers on board, and waltzing without music was decidedly unpleasant. Now a lady, now the doctor, now a colonist would sing; but, strange to say, there were not more than four songs on board, of which the words were known, and these certainly improved under practice each evening; but it was funny, the same song again and again in different forms each night. A young lady from Malta wished to sing a Maltese song, but lost courage when brought to the piano, to the great disappointment of the saloon passengers; and when Malta was reached this nice chord was lost to the ship.

Malta was left after dark, the gale continuing when outside the harbour; but for the three days' run to Port Said it did not matter. Sicily, with its high mountains, was seen, and other high land to the north, and early on the fourth morning Port Said, with its quick flashing light, was reached.

The coast is low and sandy, with a few palm-trees, the lighthouse and buildings standing clearly out from the landscape, the red morning sun giving token of great heat; and such proved to be the case on this my first visit to the land of Egypt.

Port Said is simply a newly-built town, bricks and wood predominating. The Arab town has a

little of the native element, but is a mixture of sheds, tents, and Arab erections; great filth and bad smells; disease never leaves the place; and the plague always hovers over it, if it is not actually creeping from house to tent.

The town is like any new town, partly of stone, partly of wood, shops of the slop nature, lots of hotels and singing saloons; soldiers (Egyptian) are dressed in blue with red facings—stout, able fellows, and look firm, determined men; the police are in white, each with a white wand, and don't appear of much account; there are hundreds of Arabs, Moors, and African (niggers), each with a shovel, ready to man and coal any steamer from the coal barges, loaded and ready to go alongside. The fellows are strong, lazy-looking, and chatter without ceasing. The town is regular; Arab town irregular, with some large buildings like barracks, hospitals, etc.; red-coats at the doors, but very few; and no English flag. Each vessel, however, shows her colours, and all appear English at present. There are also some large steamers, a frigate or two, Egyptian and French. I understand that in two hours a large steamer can be coaled and despatched—I may be wrong, but think it was stated 1000 tons could be put on board in one day.

Upon entering the Canal at Port Said the western breakwater appears much shaken, and unfit for the defence of the outer harbour from a western sea. The extreme point of the works are hardly above the level of the sea, and upon the eastern side the breakwater at no part appears much above the sea level, and certainly is not calculated to form a protection to the outer harbour, where the water is shallow (about 30 feet deep). Again, the works are so flimsy and unlike what we see at home that although they may be perfectly suitable for the purpose, they appear to me light in the extreme. The guiding light flashes some three or four times per minute; it is a good concrete tower, 180 feet high, and seen 25 miles at sea; there is also a lightship and guiding lights into the harbour, so it is easy to enter night or day. There is a large inner basin, with sixteen vessels at this time discharging or taking in coal, so that Port Said is a very busy place, but dusty, and little air makes it almost unbearable.

The first thing that appears strange is that Lake Menzaleh does not exist to the east of the canal, as shown upon all plans. With the exception of the canal basin at Said, there is not five acres of water altogether to be seen east of the canal, and nothing like what is shown as Lake Menzaleh on

the west side. I can, however, see a great many fishing-boats in the distance, and men wading about the water only to their knees. Perhaps the water has evaporated, but it appears so very strange. The banks are not high—say 10 feet or so, formed of the clay dredged from the canal. They are merely rough banks, and the stone pitching at the foot of the slope next the water-line very imperfect, and formed after many sections. The last seems to be a good long slope, and the joints of the pitching run in with cement, the foot of the slope or toe being secured with angle-iron piles, driven in to keep the stone from slipping; but slip it does, and the new work is in short stages of say 100 yards at a time, then some old work, and so on. The banks of the canal are washed down all along the course in most cases, and where they show a perpendicular face I presume they are to be repaired; but there is no appearance of workmen, except at one place, near Ismailia, that I have noticed. Reeds sometimes grow, but do not form one continuous line; they do not thrive but in short stages.

At Port Said, looking along the canal, it is simply a long dreary flat waste of sand reaching far into the distance, with an odd column of smoke from some passing steamer, and nothing else upon which to rest the eye in the far distance.

At Kantara there is a crossing for pilgrims between Mecca and Syria, and the tradition is that by this road Joseph and Mary fled from Herod; certainly the desert was before them, and it may be the actual line taken. I certainly believe it.

At Lake Baelah there again appears little water in the Lake, and the deep cutting at El-Guiser begins. The cutting is tremendous, being from 70 to 100 feet deep; and this work is not through sand, but a soft sort of limestone, through which the whole canal to its full breadth is carried. The work has a level space about two feet below the surface of the canal, and the wash from passing ships is great; the sand and soft clay is washed or carried down the cutting into the main channel with the surge from each vessel; it is, however, hard material in many places, and the pitching has been renewed where the injury is most apparent, but still there is much washing going on from passing ships.

At Ismailia, Lake Timsah is entered, the navigation is buoyed out and marked with beacons towards the lake centre. This is a very dangerous turn in the lake for large ships, as the head canvas has to be set at one place, and the ship swung round, so that the danger of going ashore is im-

minent. It was blowing a gale of wind when passing, and it appeared difficult to navigate the channel, the ship being 420 feet long. At Ismailia the palace erected for the Empress of the French still stands, but is unoccupied; and the ruins of the huts and buildings used in forming the canal dot the sides of the canal. From Ismailia to the Great Bitter Lakes the work is all through a cutting 30 to 40 feet deep, until it joins the Great Bitter Lakes, where the channel is deep. There are two lighthouses, and I understand a good depth of water through the lake. At the south end of the Great Bitter Lakes the tide has some little influence towards Suez.

From Chalouf to Suez the cuttings are from 10 to 40 feet deep, and the pitching forming the base of the cuttings is in much the same broken down condition as at other parts of the canal, a large amount of the soil appearing to be washed away with each passing ship. At Suez the anchorage is about 1½ miles south of the town, the vessels do not touch the station, but pass to the anchorage; there are several lights, so that it is easily taken at night, and there is deep water. The wells of Moses are direct east from Suez, a distance of about six miles; they form the only spot eastwards showing trees, and these are very few in number.

It is something green to look at, and beautiful in the distance. Westwards the range of mountains called Ghebel-at-Paka are sheer cliffs—desolation itself, and to look upon them impresses the visitor with the barren nature of the country next the Gulf of Suez. Everywhere, as far as the eye can reach, are cliffs from top to base, without one tree or blade of grass; brown, barren, black or red sandstone rock, with red sand blown over any bare space not absolutely perpendicular. No rain has fallen for three years, yet last night there was a shower for a few minutes in the canal.

Suez is truly an Egyptian town—narrow streets and filthy smells all over the place. The Egyptian docks are here, and consist of a dry dock, basin, and other works. There is a great marsh next the canal, and some good buildings, such as the Khedive's Palace; also, and how strange! a large common cotton mill, with a handsome straight brick chimney-stalk, seen far and wide over the plain. There is also a long train of waggons in sight, but no passenger carriages; there is deep black smoke, and this is the railway to Alexandria; lots of mossy-looking water pools in the sandy plains, but no wood or vegetation of any sort. From Alexandria there is a line of railway to Ismailia and on to Suez, but none from Port

Said to Ismailia. Now this is a huge mistake. There are two or three lines of wires, and a railway would certainly be of great advantage to such as desired getting over the ground before the vessel passed the canal; as there is a good deal of trade between Port Said and Suez by Ismailia.

Now, after considering this canal, I can see no necessity whatever for either widening it or making another to relieve the traffic. For miles there is never a ship seen; the smaller class of ships or steamers are never seen—the canal dues, I presume, being too heavy to think of passing from sea to sea, as there is ample room for vessels to pass at all times with the ordinary care exercised by one cart passing another upon a rather narrow road; certainly there does not appear more brain required than in the above simile. It is 24 yards wide at the narrowest part of the bottom, and 110 yards at the top, and surely this is ample for ordinary canal traffic. The recent consideration of this canal, and the call for another alongside, certainly appears to have more at the root of the matter than is seen from the traffic on the canal itself. There were only some twelve vessels passed in three days when going out, and this limited amount was got over with what seemed great ease. Several defects appear to every one, but the call for another canal is not

apparent. That it does not prosper is a matter of management; and so long as vessels start at any hour after arrival the traffic must be obstructed. Now, were it so regulated that the passing could always be at Ismailia, or the Great Bitter Lakes, a fleet might pass each other without danger of going ashore, or running foul of each other; but so long as each vessel starts upon arrival, so long will the traffic meet in uncertain places, be liable to interruption and delay, and cause vessels to take the ground when wide spaces, such as at Ismailia and the Bitter Lakes, are not selected.

Another point is the want of sand next the canal. I expected to have seen nothing else. Now the whole place is one huge plain of yellow earth; and this soil, when irrigated with fresh water, springs into the most luxurious verdure. All the stations on the canal have fine gardens, from simply having the soil watered, and no sand appears to be blown over the ground so reclaimed. That there is sand, the great desert adjoining shows, but it is in very small patches of a few yards at a time. The bottom of the canal appears all along of the same nature—namely, fine blue clay, with limestone mixed through it in small bands. This clay is from 30 feet below the water surface, and, taken from the anchor flukes, there

is a great appearance of shell marl in it, and I can quite see that it would readily become fertile.

Finally, I do not see that prosperity in the canal works, or in their working affairs, generally seen when matters are in a prosperous state; and from such my impressions are now taken. I would certainly receive with care any proposals that this country should advance large sums to form another such canal before having the present one made more substantial in its works and management.

CHAPTER II.

SUEZ TO COLOMBO.

A BAZAAR was formed on board ship at Said and Suez. At Suez the Arab is in camel's hair raiment, a long coat to his heels, and nothing more, frequently not quite so much. They form a line on deck, arrange all their goods, generally silks and fruit; ask four or five times their value, and remain until turned off the vessel; and this when she begins to move. Dates were much more costly here than in London; silks the same; and to procure a good fine Arab dress more than twice what a similar one would cost in London; so there was little business done.

The bare rocks on the right-hand side of the Gulf of Suez appear as if ruled by hand, so distinctly are the various strata shown. The hills appear about 2000 feet high, rising from a desert plain, and this appearance continues the whole length of the Gulf and Red Sea. The black, bare, volcanic mountains, upon the north side of the

Gulf, are more detached from each other, and rise in separate mountains, until the Sinaitic range appears above all the others. Mount Sinai was seen on a beautiful, clear, early morning, rising black or dark purple in colour, through a mass of sand. There is a valley and plain between the low hills next the coast and Sinai, some forty miles wide, but this is not readily seen from the ship's deck; and to what a world of thought and interest this heavy mountain range gives rise, and how with bated breath all appear to mention its very name!

A lighthouse indicates the termination of the Gulf of Suez. There are then seen the Twelve Apostles—bare, or apparently bare, masses of volcanic rock, rising from the sea. There are many wrecks now visible on the coast, several of them P. & O. steamers; they do not appear much injured, as each stands on an even keel, but their removal cannot be effected, from the difficulty of procuring assistance in this region. There is neither town nor village on the whole coast, and a wandering Arab band are not likely to give any assistance; bringing water and men from Suez are consequently the only alternatives—this comes to more than the wreck is worth. We are several miles from the shore, supposed about three, but

everything at the side of the land is distinctly visible, yet no sign of a human habitation, man or beast, can be seen. Even with the aid of a good telescope all is desolation.

The last of the rocks called the Twelve Apostles is now passed; they are of great size and singular shape, standing out from the water; the last of these is hardly passed before the Island of Modia is seen, opposite the Port of Aden.

The roadstead of Aden is unprotected, but the anchorage is good. There is always a fleet of vessels waiting orders here, and generally visitors have a day or so to visit the island. Aden is black, bare, desolate, and I understand no part of it has any vegetation. Visitors are taken to some curious reservoirs, and at one of these a small garden is shown, being the only green spot upon the island.

The island, as seen from the water, is perfectly black, or reddish black volcanic rock; the great vertical upheaval, forming the backbone or sea face of the island next the Red Sea, is cut and indented in every way, the débris being washed towards the ocean, leaving nothing above the heap thrown down except an open cut made by the water in washing away the face—bleak, bare, and inhospitable—the sea view is most desolate.

All this distance from Suez, say 1200 miles, the sea never loses its intense clear blue colour, the most exquisite blue eye ever looked upon. There are many bright burned red rocks upon the African as well as upon the Arabian sides of the sea, and the name "Red Sea" does seem very appropriate, but appears to have been taken from the land, not from the sea, as there is nothing red in the water, but a vast amount of red material on the land.

A Lascar fell overboard, and created a good deal of anxiety, as the place was swarming with sharks. The third officer threw him two life buoys from the bridge, and as the man swam like a fish he placed one on the top of the other, and upon these sat, so that a shark would have difficulty in getting at him. He was picked up in a few minutes, in no way the worse of his bath. It caused a good deal of talk, the third officer getting great praise for his presence of mind and quick action.

Cape Guardafui was passed in the afternoon. The coast is fine yellow sand, with black rocks; towards the termination of the point of land forming the cape the rocks gradually cease, leaving a long spit of sand running into the sea. The cape itself is a very high rock of peculiar shape, once seen never forgotten, very high above

the land, rising, as it were, from the sandy desert. The coast of Africa now turns directly south, the Persian coast disappears, and no land is seen until the Island of Socotra rises from the ocean, with very brilliant green palms forming one continuous mass of foliage from end to end. The island lies low, and has no rising ground whatever but the dense mass of cocoa palms already mentioned; after this no land is seen for many days, until Ceylon was sighted on the 23rd December. The weather was now very warm and pleasant, but most of the passengers were ill with some sort of sickness, partly from eating too much animal food, and partly from the heat, it was supposed. Fruit was now taken more frequently, and by the time Colombo was reached all were again in capital health.

We sighted Colombo very shortly before reaching it; the coast is low, and any high land too far inland to be seen from the sea. The deep blue of the water ceases something like half-a-mile or less from the shore; it is there brown and discoloured, the line between the blue and brown water is quite distinctly seen extending along the coast for miles.

The breakwater first attracts attention; there are a number of men working at it; the Dolphin

Head is now building, and there is a small steamer for the workmen, divers, etc., always in attendance. A pilot boat came off at a great rate; the rowers were almost naked, and had a sort of rhyme they sang—the pilot steering lazily from under an awning, quite a contrast to the rowers pulling for their lives.

The anchorage inside the breakwater is something like one mile in extent, and a landing was soon arranged by all the passengers, the various shore-boats hailing the passengers long before the vessel was secured; a catamaran had long been in my dreams, and now I was to go ashore in one; it was not much of a boat—dirty rather than clean—two rowers and two bamboos, holding a third bamboo in the water; this prevents an upset, and by this simple device you can get on board in any weather. The day was splendid; the landing over, we walked to the hotel—the "Grand Continental"—for breakfast; on the way up, the city of Colombo appears very like a sham—brick buildings, green-red and green-mouldy, are the prevailing colours: the houses are all sheds, thatched or covered with red tiles, very mouldy and dilapidated-looking, now and again covered with white plaster, with great pieces of it broken off; the place has an air of pretentious poverty,

what "shabby-genteel" would express, and nothing more—the visit confirmed the idea. At the hotel we waited until nine A.M. for breakfast; there was a good deal of delay, from the number of passengers. At the same time the place was so novel, strange, and curious, I never wearied. The building has a large covered verandah built of brick, and extending all round the hotel; under this everything is transacted, visitors received, merchants do congregate, and people smoke or idle away the time.

There were many men in Cingalese dresses; each had a back comb—this gives his position in society, would you believe it? I thought them the barbers of the establishment, and was impressed with the magnitude of the business in this hotel. Well, they were curious to me; so was a black juggler at the door, performing very clever tricks. There was also a snake-charmer; the waiting was very pleasant; the juggler had a serpent, a cobra, which he tormented, and then lifted and twisted in a seemingly dangerous manner. There were many tricks performed cleverly, but the snake-charming was the most curious. The cobra was about 5 feet long, of a dull bluish-grey; it erected a crest or hood repeatedly, and sprang forward about 18 or 20 inches at a time.

The selling in the open corridor, bazaar fashion, of all sorts of boxes, rings, jewellery, china, and curiosities, is very curious indeed. They ask more than they expect, as London shopkeepers used to do thirty years ago, and are equally cunning, perhaps more so.

The back garden of the hotel is most beautiful, full of bananas, bread fruit, oranges, and tropical plants of many varieties—all in glorious foliage; palms, cocoa-nuts, etc., seemingly in endless variety. The walk through the various shops behind the hotel, posting letters, and the difficulty of getting money into rupees, occupies the best part of the forenoon. I wanted some thin garments, and got them from a native shop, cheap and good; but there is generally too little time for fitting, and they may not be well made. Curiosities seem the staple production of Colombo, and many of them are worth purchasing—such as nice ivory elephants, and walking sticks.

Colombo is the coaling station for the P. & O. boats, as well as for other companies; the coal being kept in sheds is dry as dust, the least air blowing it over the passengers in every direction. There is a look of wretchedness from the number of these sheds, and the tumble-down nature of the buildings everywhere. Passed along the town to

the native market, and saw turtle eggs, shark, oranges, bits of liver, poultry, bananas, every queer sort of native food sold here wonderfully cheap; there are, however, fully two hundred unaccountable smells, and I cannot but look back at an unpleasant hour or two, reminding me of Cologne on the Rhine. The natives are generally nearly naked, and generally all wear the Parsee hat. The buggy is horsed by two pretty white buffaloes, that run as neatly as ponies. Our driver had a turban only, the rest of his body naked, but his beautiful skin was to be admired, shining and soft. I touched it to see if real, and the answer was a yell, and off the buggy he jumped, until he was assured of better treatment. I only poked my finger into it. One of his companions hung on behind; again and again he was warned off, but he would not go, only smiled and chattered.

Drove along the shore past native houses of the most simple construction, generally four walls of reeds, the front of the house a mat, let down and fixed up as required; the children naked, with a dollar piece or so hung round the waist if males, but carefully dressed if females. The shore is covered with large rough stones of gneiss or granite; the sea is encroaching on the road, and men were busy building a wall, thrown down by

the sea, next the public road; everywhere, close as they can stand, are cocoa-palms, twisted and joined overhead, giving glorious shelter from a burning sun. Clever workmen are engraving brass utensils of many shapes, fruit-sellers and native women sitting sewing at the doorways, men carrying parts of shark between them—say half of one, at least 6 feet long—fine white flesh, but dry and tough to eat, the native always telling you "it is not man-eater." The amount of population next the shore is incredible: it is literally swarming; and all appear desperately busy, rushing at their work—no idling, all are fully occupied. The soil is most fertile, of a deep brown chocolate colour, seemingly volcanic, with primary rock for subsoil, but the place is very damp, and not healthy for Europeans.

Called upon Arabi Pasha at his residence, a few miles from Colombo. He was sitting in a shaded verandah, and, without speaking, pointed to seats; so I began by wishing him health, and hoped he enjoyed the island. No! it was damp; and he suffered from that. "It was very damp," he said, "and cold after Egypt." By the aid of an interpreter, the conversation was carried on for about fifteen minutes; he asking many questions as to England, the vessel we came in, the number of

passengers, etc., the same as any other person would have done. After the interpreter left, he asked, in very good English, with a strong Scotch accent, "Would I like to see his copy-book?" Yes, certainly. Out it came, very well written; much better than a good schoolboy would write—clear, upright writing; no blots or erasing. Having expressed satisfaction at this, he became quite chatty, and we were getting into a conversation when another party was announced. Perhaps it was impertinence, but I learnt this sin in America. I got him to sign a very good photograph of himself purchased in Colombo. He signed it—"Akmad Arabi, the Egyptian. Colombo, 20/12/83." He also signed in Arabic. He seemed a shrewd, resolute, old man. I should say fifty years of age or so—wore the fez and an old black coat. His son was also present, and shook hands very nicely. He had a bad cataract, quite distorting his eyes. This any good physician, I am assured, could readily cure, but I did not care about bringing on this subject.

During this unhappy war in Egypt, would it not be better to give him a decent allowance for advice in the affair, rather than leave him to do nothing, idling his time in a damp, unhealthy climate? He appears such a quiet and sensible

man, not like an Egyptian in any way, so that I am still of opinion, even after two years, it would be money well spent.

Returning from Arabi Pasha's residence, we pass through quarries of gneiss close to the road, also many nice residences of native gentry, if this expression can be allowed. No water could be procured, but some warm lemonade; where purchased, all my efforts at talk could not make out; green cocoa-nuts would have been so much better, but the natives never do give any real information. Passed southwards to a Buddhist temple, which we examined. The priest went over the whole building explaining the pictures, with which it was actually covered. The walls and internal arrangements of the temple were all of brick, the walls then plastered, and painted with many figures. Offerings of flowers to Buddha were laid before his image, and there was an enormous picture of this god extending over one side of the temple. The priest intimated no coppers would be taken, only silver. The story is, that when a former temple here fell to ruins, a new one was built, and £2000 sterling has been expended in the decorating, by native artists from Japan. The painting is very good, without much idea of foreshortening or perspective, but very

minute work at the necklaces, toes, and fingers of the figures; flowers beautifully painted, as if "fors clavigera" had been a part of native study, and John Ruskin worshipped as well as Buddha. The thing looked like an Indian toy-box. The older portion was being cleared away, and, I presume, as funds get raised, the ground will be laid out anew round the temple. The priests are heavy, dull-looking men; greasy, like most of the fraternity; and greedy, as in all lands under the sun. They did not impress me, and there did not appear to be any of our missionaries about.

Lots of little children met us at the door of the temple, with large, dark wondering eyes, tumbling over each other, trying to look, and yet retire. Coppers were begged for and given; in fact, a regular "pour out" took place at the temple gate. Returning by a steep road we passed a great number of native huts, houses, or sheds, with the most curious amount of food I ever saw, from bananas to turtle eggs, and other curious things. The drive over this long and dusty road now extended behind the houses for miles. On one side a close, dense forest of cocoa palm-trees, and other bush or large underwood; this is so dense as to appear impenetrable, giving the whole road the most glorious shade, and with the

splendid dark backgrounds, leaves an impression never to be forgotten. Passed a large house, erected English fashion, with a gateway and lodges attached, and drive to the house. The place is an English training-school for native children. There were very many little things, very brown, very lively; each carried a bag, a slate, and so on. The small swamp or pond here, overgrown with sedges, contains a large turtle which is credibly said to be one hundred years old. I have also been informed that there are many large and dangerous crocodiles in the swampy ground within a short distance of Colombo. Again to the ship in a catamaran; much singing and grumbling at the shilling paid for the fare. Went to the P. & O. Office for letters, then drove by the shore for some miles to the west of Colombo; saw the barracks, and made for the extreme end of a splendid park, the huge green waves of the Indian Sea tumbling over the yellow sand of the beach. The splendid road, the many fine conveyances, then the suburbs, with the glorious foliage in the gardens attached to each house, makes the scenery of Ceylon a thing to remember for ever. This drive includes the look-out house, where a fine view and rest can be had "far from the madding crowd" of Colombo. Certainly the west

end of Colombo is the best and loveliest city ever seen. There are 100,000 natives in the city, and under 2,000 Europeans. The breakwater forming the harbour is well worth a visit; it stretches far across the bay, and gives security to a great amount of shipping. The native vessels are generally small, with a lateen sail, and for this class a shelter is much needed. At the same time the great ocean steamers require to coal here, and it is of the greatest importance to have shelter for such; also that it should be of the most perfect kind. Now this great breakwater will give all that is desired, and make the bay perfectly safe in all weathers.

Again we have lovely sunsets, totally unlike what even the captain ever saw at this season—a great bank of greyish purple clouds, with masses of golden yellow behind them, almost bluish-green, to this intense blue overhead, and a glow of rose colour indescribable. This colour extends over half of the horizon, gradually dying away by slow and half-fading tints. The bank of clouds is very high in the heavens; it does not look threatening, only grand beyond words to describe, or colours to paint, or music to imitate. The grandeur of such sunsets every evening makes it a voyage of wonders; and at a meeting of the

Royal Society on the 13th inst., Mr. Ellery, the president, reiterated his opinion that the peculiarly brilliant sunsets, which have been visible in the southern hemisphere for some time past, have no connection with the volcanic disturbance in the Straits of Sunda, but are attributable to the prevalence of vapour in the higher regions of the atmosphere. He does not regard them as uncommon or remarkable from a scientific point of view. At night clear overhead shines the Southern Cross, with its five stars and two pointers.

The sea after leaving Colombo has much more to attract attention than formerly; shoals of flying fish rise from the ship's sides, and at the bows of the ship; they fly for a long distance, then strike the water with a plash. These distances flown over are sometimes 200 or 300 yards; and, from the clearness of the atmosphere, the flight of each fish can be distinctly seen. Sharks with great black fins, unlike the fins of other fish, now and again appear; they sometimes follow above water for half-an-hour or longer, and cause a feeling like terror. Another curious matter was the remains of the great Java earthquake, six months before this. The whole sea is now covered with pumice-stone, sometimes in detached pieces, a yard or so across; then acres of it many feet thick, close dense

masses, through which the ship ploughed her way with a grating sound. The ship was steering southwards about 200 miles from Java, and was at least three days passing through such remains. Some pieces of pumice seemed large and solid, but it could not be caught with the dredge, owing to the speed of the ship. Specimens were, however, procured of this light, porous, sponge-like substance. The sea here, covered by such floating masses of pumice, I am informed, has continued ever since the earthquake. These masses are next day more detached, float with the currents, and are gradually passed by the ship.

The waves are very high now, more so than has ever been seen by those on board; the yards are all down, lashed to the rigging, so as not to offer any obstruction to the ship's passage; but as there is no broken water the matter creates no notice; the rolling goes on, the card-player remains in his cabin or saloon; quoits are still played upon deck; languid swells gaze at the rolling sea; the burning sun overhead creates a great thirst, and the thirsty passenger desires cooling drinks or otherwise at the ship's bar when open. The lazy life is now realised of an Indian Station, or an indolent life at a colonial home. The pure, warm atmosphere gives that sense

of relief and pleasure to the invalids in search of health, not attainable at home in England. They feel and say, "Now we are sure the change will be for our good; this life will do nicely for me."

Archdeacon —— of Adelaide joined the ship at Colombo: he has become a great favourite on board, walks by the mile every morning on deck in his pyjamas, and proves a chatty, clever companion to those favoured with his friendship. I am told by him that free settlers in Australia often cultivate small parts of an allotment, but not having the means to continue the cultivation, after a short time run themselves in debt, and abandon the claim. The settlers are complaining that certain scrub or feeding bushes, called Salt Bush, of great use in feeding stock, and of great value to the squatter on that account, is often ploughed down and destroyed by the above cultivation; and as it does not readily spring again this system of free settlers' cultivation is much objected to, and strong opinions given that it should not be permitted. I can quite understand the annoyance to a squatter, with a large interest in land, from having several free settlers drafted upon his place, and the indignation at the mode of cultivation adopted, if not approved of by the squatter; and the still

greater indignation, if it is continued after proof of its bad effects upon stock. There being in most cases no society where the matter can be discussed quietly, it may and does lead to breaches of the peace, and much heart-burning when no redress can be obtained.

The ship's company are to-day holding New Year's Day; in the evening the Scotsmen on board drink toddy at twelve at night, wish a "Happy New Year" to each other with great gravity, then to bed. The coast of Australia, it is understood, will in a day or so be seen.

A joke goes the round of the ship upon a passenger who asked why the ship was stopped (for some repairs to the engines), when he was told, "There's a whale in the road:" it is hardly credible—the fellow upon deck asking where it was, and gets trotted round accordingly.

CHAPTER III.

KING GEORGE'S SOUND.

WE sighted Western Australia, near Cape Leeuwin, on 3rd January 1884, and the first sight of Australia was anything but cheerful —a long black and greyish-coloured coast, with sand hills in the distance, and I understand without a human being or living thing upon the coast. No rain has fallen in this district for many years, and there are no rivers running into the sea, so that it is to all intents and purposes one huge wilderness.

Cape Chatham was passed in the afternoon—a huge grey granite mountain, without a green blade or a bush upon it.

King George's Sound was reached about five in the evening, and there I saw my first Australian town. Bush-fires were raging all round the place, lighting up the sky in the evening with a lurid red glow. The town itself seemed a very small place, and upon landing there was really nothing

attractive—a great many public-houses; in fact, it appeared all such, and the dwelling-houses were generally above the shops. Purchased a boomerang here, genuine native make. Saw nothing else in the place worth purchasing. The inner bay is land-locked, with only six or seven fathoms of water at low tide, so that few large vessels are ever in the harbour. It is a dismal, solitary place, with hardly any inhabitants.

Fruit was in great demand, the steward selling all surplus bananas, grapes, or limes, which he had purchased in Ceylon. At night we saw from deck thirteen windows lighted in the town, the country all round being perfectly black but for the bush-fires which lighted up the sky.

Sharks are very common all round the Australian coast, and one gentleman on board had a telegram from Sydney that his son had been destroyed by one in the harbour there. The boy had gone to bathe outside the protecting shark fence, where they were not supposed to be, and was dragged down in sight of his companion. We all pitied this gentleman very much, and sympathised with him in his great affliction.

In passing across the great Australian bight we had fine weather, but were promised a thunderstorm the next day, as the bight never is without

one; and thunder it did duly—very loud thunder and plenty of rain. Strange, is it not, the land within less than 200 miles of us—and there had been no rain there for several years—no rivers, no vegetation—all desert, sand, desolation; could this storm and rainfall not be brought towards the land? Why not try the artificial method of much noise on shore? It might be, as in other lands, the means of causing rain to fall in Western Australia; it would be of the greatest possible advantage to the land and its people, and certainly would cost very little money.

I hear of various methods of collecting and storing water on shore. The channels of streams, seemingly dry, are frequently found to be natural reservoirs, and by boring to a depth of about 40 feet, more or less, water is generally found. When I hear of sheep driven 500 miles for water, thousands dying upon the road, any information upon this subject must, for an Australian, be of the greatest interest. I also hear that the reports of Western Australia being all barren sand all over the continent, is not the case; about 200 miles inland very fine pasture ranges are now met, and it is supposed that many of the first explorers had not seen much or any of the best part of the country, but reported upon partial examination. When the dreadful experiences of these men are

read, how they had the pluck to, again and again, visit points where they knew no water was to be had, and could only hope that rain might fall before they went too far to return, shows an enthusiasm upon the subject and love of adventure rarely found. All sorts of questions were asked me by colonists on board ship as to storing water. The system usually adopted here in Britain was explained, but with a shake of the head they generally thought a reservoir would leak from the nature of the soil, subsoil, and so on; and yet streams seemed to be plentiful enough in some parts of the country, and reservoirs had been built successfully in other places in Australia.

Perhaps as large tracts of the land are only rented from the Government, not sold, and not being the tenant's own, the erection and expenditure of money upon a reservoir appears a sad tax; but if several of the squatters would combine for the erection of one or more, it would be a benefit to them all. There are always water-holes upon a station, why not make these large, and capable of being used by all the district? It is only a question of money; I cannot see that there is any physical or natural impossibility to prevent these being erected and filled each winter as in other countries.

CHAPTER IV.

ADELAIDE AND GLENELG.

THE approach to Adelaide from the seaport of Glenelg is by a gently undulating country, forming a great plain about ten miles wide; beyond this are very lofty hills rising direct from the plain, covered with scrub and bushes. These bushes arrange themselves in very nice curved lines, insomuch so that the hills beyond and the plain itself have the appearance of an enormous piece of policy ground; and you look for the mansion-house of the owner as likely to be visible from the sea, but no mansion-house appears; and the size of the place and district make you ultimately feel that it cannot all belong to one owner.

In the foreground next the sea the town of Glenelg appears: this being the seaport for Adelaide. It has various public buildings, wharves, villas, and perhaps one ship and one boat only, giving to a very pretty seaport a certain air of desolation;

but this disappears upon landing, as Glenelg is a very busy town. The sea was beautifully smooth—a deep blue colour, and the waves broke upon the shore in a manner very like our Portobello, Brighton beach, or Ostend, and upon landing from the steam launch the wharf did not appear a rough one, but built of squared timbers, neatly painted handrails, and with every appurtenance the same as in the old country, not the rough-and-tumble place that a stranger is apt to imagine an Australian seaport to be. The landing pier is all well finished, has iron rails laid down upon it; and the villas along the side of the shore, each with a neat verandah, would not disgrace any town. They are beautifully painted, have gardens, and are neatly enclosed, so that the feeling of a rough colony is completely taken away. There is neither ship nor boat in the harbour, but several small row-boats are drawn up upon the beach. There is a large bathing house, with a shark fence round it; and this gives some idea as to the difficulties of bathing.

The railway station for Adelaide is about 200 yards from the quay. It is built of brick, with a neat verandah, and there are several shops round about it; also several large streets, well paved with stone, and substantially metalled in the

centre of the roadway. These streets are all laid out at right angles to each other, and the town of Glenelg seems a very nice, clean, well laid-out place, with several public buildings and gardens, as far as the eye can reach, round the town. There is no railway station as we have it at home, with its big roof covering in a large space; but the rails are laid down in the centre of the street, and there the engine and carriages stand.

You take your ticket in the station or depôt, walk into the middle of the street, and swing yourself up into the cars as best you can. The guard is in blue uniform, with white hat, brass buttons, and white trousers; wears a puggaree, white gloves; smokes a cigar, and answers your inquiry with a nod—to speak might hurt his dignity. Many of the passengers who had been to Adelaide assured me it was the right car, and I proceed with more easy feelings. The cars are beautifully finished, made in the United States, I think; have a passage down the centre, and are altogether superior to what we have in the old country.

The outskirts of Glenelg have any amount of small houses and unfinished streets, with curious sanitary arrangements, ash-pits, ventilating pipes, and so on, as if some sanitary association, destitute

of employment, had fitted up all the back premises with their latest scientific arrangements, just to keep their hand in practice. The houses appear comfortable enough, are all covered with corrugated-iron roofs, with water-barrels attached to the spouts on the roof.

The train arrived at Adelaide, but before describing this city I wish to say a word relative to the country through which we passed.

There had been no rain for more than six months, some say two years, in the district, so that everything was burned up to a light brownish-yellow colour, and the bushes really deserved the name of scrub; they were half-black, and had an odd resemblance to a curler's broom, handle and all. The eucalyptic trees may prevent fever, but they certainly are not pleasant to look upon; the bark is all loose, hanging in strips; the narrow brownish green leaves, with their bluish under leaf, give very little shadow; and the appearance of the small forest of these gum-trees did not lead one to imagine any shade from the heat of the sun could be obtained.

Water there was none, streams there were none, dust there was plenty; also wire fences, and skinny cattle trying to obtain some shelter from the trees.

There were few people upon the roads, and at the two stations upon the line of railway there were very few passengers. This I was glad to see, as it was Sunday.

The railway station at Adelaide was dirtier than most of the other wayside stations; it was also used partly as a wool store and partly waiting-room combined.

We walked through the streets; they were all well-paved and causewayed. A fire was raging in a beer saloon, and had destroyed nearly the whole building, so that I had an opportunity of observing the fire brigade, with their steam-engines and appliances. These were of the best construction, and in no way second to any city on earth. The men were energetic and cool, doing their work without shouting or fuss.

After admiring the burned-up building, we went to the Botanic Gardens, and found a curious peculiarity of the colonies on the way, namely, that all doctors seem to reside in one street. In this case nine houses had medical men all ready, side by side; and there is a very nice chapel at the corner of this street. It was confoundedly hot, and upon reaching the Botanic Gardens we could only see into them, as it was not open until after service, being Sunday. They are very prettily

laid out with curved walks, beautiful flowers, and lots of shady trees. There is also a fine collection of curious native plants, so that the people of Adelaide may well be proud of their gardens.

We returned through several of the main streets, and as we were too soon for the train, passed half-an-hour writing letters in a German hotel, which was nice, clean, and cool.

The main streets are enormously wide, and laid out in straight lines running far into the distance. They seem to be finished and fit for traffic for miles outside of the town.

The public buildings, such as the post-office, are all well finished, tasteful, and correct in architecture, with good approaches and appliances inside the buildings. May I say it?—far in advance of the old country.

We now returned to the train, and found the few shops open doing a big trade at high prices—a third-rate orange costing fourpence, and other things in proportion.

The train again took us to Glenelg, and a piece of high-handed officialism must be noticed.

A steam launch, flying the blue pennant, and belonging to the Port Admiral, took up her position at the landing stage, and would neither

allow the passengers to cross her decks to the ferry boat, nor would she shift her berth. Ultimately the passengers took courage, defied those on board Her Majesty's launch, crossed her deck, and got on board the public ferry-boat; those on board Her Majesty's launch using profane language. Moreover, this same official launch, after receiving her complement of favoured passengers, steamed to the side of the *Carthage*, and again obstructed the passage, although all the passengers had left the launch. I was told that such acts were of common occurrence in the harbour, making the colonists feel the power of Her Majesty's officials, thereby perhaps endearing them to the colonist. The day was Sunday, and the hour two o'clock. I am sorry I cannot describe the men.

The Burra Burra Copper Mine is fifty miles from Adelaide. There is a railway to it, and the profits derived have been very great indeed; but I understand it is now deserted. There are other copper mines doing well, and the auriferous discoveries have sent a mighty rush of people at various times to the colony; but sheep-farming is the principal, in fact the great staple employment of the colony, and of this more afterwards. The population at present is steadily increasing, everybody looks prosperous. I saw no beggars or drunk men, or paupers or policemen.

When the *Carthage* sailed from Glenelg, two visitors, a lady and gentleman, neglected the warning of the officers and steam-whistle, so they were taken on to Sydney. As they were in the middle ranks of life a hat was sent round among the passengers, as the couple naturally, I understand, had no ready money for the immediate expenses of this unexpected trip—all this was very kind! They were married, I heard, the day after reaching Sydney. Better this than stand the chaffing, for ever and ever, had they gone back to Adelaide single. It may, however, have been arranged to save bother in Adelaide, as there appeared ample warning to all concerned to leave the ship.

The port for Melbourne is North Williamstown, and here the *Carthage* was berthed on 10th January 1884, alongside a well-built wharf with strong granite copestones and lines of railway waggons, cranes, and all the appurtenances of a great shipping port. A large French steamer of 4800 tons lay at the opposite side of the quay, belonging to the *Messageries Imperial*, well found, and much more decorated in the bedroom accommodation than the *Carthage*—two in each berth being all allowed, on the *Carthage* it was four in each berth. This is too crowded for a hot climate. There is also here a splendid graving dock, with a

caisson gate and all modern appliances; in fact, everything a shipowner can expect at Liverpool or London. There were very many ships of all rigs, and in the roads there lay quite a fleet. The harbour is sheltered from nearly all winds, and affords the best of anchorage.

St. Kilda is upon the opposite side of the harbour to North Williamstown, and the great proprietor on the Williamstown side is Mr. Chirnside, a Scotsman from Duns. The railway station is like all ordinary second-class stations—the porters and stationmaster the same. There is a notice pasted upon the station-door, "Instructions in case of snake bite." I also saw the same notice at many other places, and upon inquiry find that medical men question the efficacy of the directions given. Of course, whether it will do or not it is the old story. The Melbourne station is at the head of Collins Street, and in a transition state, being rebuilt; but let us go down the street. The consuls show above their offices the respective flags of their nations. The P. & O. Office is a very fine one; the insurance and other offices next it are also creditable; and my kind friend, Mr. Joskie, of London and Melbourne, gives directions by which to find some native manufacturers. In passing down the line of Collins Street much can be seen.

Oysters cost one shilling per dozen, with brown bread and butter; porter is three shillings per stone bottle; a very good lunch in a really good hotel (Scott's) is three shillings, and well worth it. Being Scotch day there, the bill of fare shows sheephead and many such dishes, so my heart warms to the place at once.

Lord Rosebery is making speeches at the Melbourne Club, and delighting all his colonial friends, but we hire a trap and go to the outside of the city. Many steep streets, but there are also many level ones, and good tram cars in all directions; the suburbs are shabby, like many other places; wooden houses seem to prosper. A stream of water rushes down the side of Collins Street, doing little good, and perhaps some harm; the centre of the city has many well-built houses, hotels, and several, I should say many, splendid shops. The whole place is being rebuilt with the usual result—very fine buildings next door to very poor affairs indeed: the sites are nevertheless of great value.

The streets are causewayed both at the main buildings and beyond, into the suburbs; the sides are well laid, with stone kerbs in most cases, so you can walk a few miles without being covered with dust or mud. You meet a great number of rough

but peaceable looking men, generally three or four together, clean and well dressed, but very much in need of one shilling to spend upon the beard. This appendage is generally shaggy, very rough, and untrimmed. Of ladies I am afraid to say anything: they hunt in couples always, stare into shop windows, and do as they all do at home; but they do delight in dressing after the fashion of the South Sea Islanders—nice loose clothes and no waists, they look as if their clothes were never made for them, but simply pinned and fixed up. Perhaps it was a pleasure excursion from the adjoining towns, visiting Melbourne that afternoon.

There are a good many handsome conveyances, fine horses, cabs, and hansoms, with good men-servants, or perhaps male helps, the turn-outs having the appearance of much wealth.

There are many fine buildings, I have already said—Government House, the Public Library, the Students' Gallery, the Exchange, the University, the Club House—all of which any guide-book to the city will describe much better than I can.

The members of the Legislative Assembly, or Parliament, are not exactly what you find in the old country. They are, however, to a man, bent on Melbourne being made the finest city in the world, and they may make it so in time.

The breed of horses here is superior to what is generally met with; and the horse bazaar is the place to see them in perfection.

The races are described in many papers as better than the Derby; but I know nothing of this, and take it for granted. The race-course shown me outside the town will present a very busy appearance during the race week, but there is plenty of room for all.

There is a system of betting practised here—the initiated think it is very fine. I cannot describe it, but it is well worth consideration—seems done by machinery.

The Melbourne Club is a great institution, and very select; the members are more so than any London clubmen. I hear of the strangest and most stringent regulations being enforced, and have no doubt these are very necessary in a new country, any laxity in this country invariably ending in much bad feeling. This makes all the members of such institutions careful in their conduct.

St. Kilda is a suburb of Melbourne, stretching far away across the sound, dotting the landscape with fine villas, and making Melbourne appear spread over an enormous extent of land. Far away southwards the bay narrows to a mere neck of

land; the coast then stretching eastwards until Cape Horn and Sydney are reached.

Telegraphs are everywhere, and lines of railway are projected completely across the continent. At present the railway system here consists of short branches running into the country, but Melbourne and Sydney are now connected by rail, the line passing the now famous village or town of Wagga Wagga on the journey.

A story is told of the early settlers. Bateman's party met a man whose features were not of the native type—he had forgotten his own language completely, but upon being shown a loaf said, "bread." He was a runaway soldier, whose companions had all died: the natives were kind to him, and he remained with them until the arrival of Bateman and his companions. He afterwards received a pension for the services rendered by him to settlers in Van Diemen's Land, settled and died there.

An absurd rivalry goes on between Melbourne and Sydney, the distance between them being something like two days' journey, or 360 miles. I heard of a prize fight on this point, and how the Melbourne champion got what is called "trousted." The poor fellow who fought for Melbourne got a nice donkey and cart from his friends, so he can

sell crockery all his days. It is simply absurd, yet every one asks, "Which city did I think most of?" and they say sharp things upon hinting that Sydney got any favour I had to spare; and this from no other reason than because in my heart I like the laying out of Woolamaloo Street, and the story of Lady Macquarrie, the wife of a former Governor of Victoria.

Geelong Junction is near North Williamstown station, already mentioned, so there was only a short distance for a train from the ship. In the compartment were many travellers from Melbourne, and they certainly were as stiff as the Australian colonists generally are. The land is divided by palings of gum-tree into large enclosures, the land being rather swampy, but for all that scarcely showing any grass, where, beyond the water, a species of long brush extended many miles along the line of railway to Geelong. There were also fine high hills, the Towango mountains, 1130 feet high, and good but very dry land all the way. Granite boulders were frequent, but a stream of water was nowhere to be seen. There were several small water-runs forming the water holes so often heard of. Very dirty places.

The line of railway crosses many fine valleys where water may be had in winter, but these were

perfectly dry when I passed in January 1884. I understand that water may always be obtained in these hollows by sinking from 20 to 40 feet deep for it; these hollows are now asserted to be natural reservoirs, in most cases full of water easily obtained. There was little wood on the journey, but each farm-yard showed a very large wool shed, or sheep-shearing shed. These are generally covered with galvanized iron, as were also all the other buildings attached to the station.

At Warriboo there is a very good race-course. At Lara station young fellows were playing cricket. There are good high hills here, two especially high and rocky. Next the line of railway there is now a fine green wood, newly planted and very fresh looking. There is also a good brick church passed. Lime-burning at another station. Lime shells were being used as a manure in a field—all showing much the same arrangement that any ordinary English station would. The gauge of the line is 5 feet 3 inches, but the train goes very slowly, say 20 miles per hour.

Geelong Railway Station is a remarkably nice one, the best I have seen yet in New South Wales. There was a good refreshment table, with plenty lunch at a moderate cost. Attentive, civil girls waited, and they behaved rationally and modestly.

Hired a hansom cab, and after driving over this large and thriving town, engaged the same conveyance to drive nine or more miles into the country.

The roads are broad, say 60 yards or so, straight for miles, and only turn, not at natural obstacles, but when a settlement is reached. There are few high hills, but the ground undulates, and the road is seen straight before you, as far as the eye can reach, for miles into the distance.

Many neat small settlements were passed, and although there is not a great population, still it is not desolate. The hedges at the sides of the roads are formed of a species of bramble or thorn, or sometimes sweet-briar. It is a capital fence, tears your clothes in attempting to get over it, and appears quite as likely to tear your flesh.

There is sometimes a wire fence or paling, and sometimes this prickly fence as an enclosure. These fences generally harbour large numbers of very bad snakes, so avoid them.

After driving into the country a few miles, came to a large cemetery, with a picnic party under a large grey gum-tree, although large trees are not plentiful in this district. I had heard of the sheoak-tree when coming out in the steamer, and its power of emitting a curious wail-

ing sound, in the quietest of days when no wind would move a leaf; and this is my experience. In passing a small burying-ground, about ten miles from Geelong, I heard a sound as of some one crying, and stopped the cab to listen: it was a sheoak growing next the public road, and it came up to the description perfectly. They generally grow near the sea, are about thirty feet high; some are better at the sighing than others, but it is a most melancholy sound.

A young lady at Kensington Hill Post-office at once directed me to my destination, and the cabman was very moderate in his charge for nine miles; made no grumbling when told that he was no longer required, although he was engaged for the day. I remained over the evening, and saw my first of a small sheep station or settlement. The situation was good, overlooking Geelong Bay, a high mountain in the distance; several large bush fires miles away sending up a great white smoke over the landscape.

All the family dined at once in a really neat parlour, the male hand or shepherd sitting down with the others. He was a rather poor specimen of the Australian bushman, but very neat, and did not appear intrusive or bumptious. A general conversation went on for about one hour, then a

walk over the station; saw the sheep and cattle and farm-buildings.

The place looked like what a farm might have been in Scotland 150 years ago; wood being largely used for fencing, and no stone for buildings. The station seemed a good one, and as they were their own landlords they seemed very contented. Next the sea the land was swampy, and no water could be obtained but from a stagnant water-hole. This did away with all the advantages of the station in my eyes. In fact, when informed that water was carted six miles for this station, I felt it would never do to recommend any place here for emigrants from Scotland.

The Southern Cross came up in the evening, shining splendidly over the bay; but in no way whatever larger or more beautiful than Orion, or any of the other splendid northern constellations. In this we have the advantage of the colonists of the southern world.

A large district here is called the Onion Country, extending for many miles west and southward. The ground is of great value, and the crops of onions the best in New South Wales, or at least in Victoria. They supply the markets with this vegetable at a moderate cost, and a great amount is sent to India, China, and elsewhere. If the

information given me is correct, the land is generally sold at twenty shillings per acre; but larger sums are given when there are buildings upon it.

I returned early next morning to Geelong, and found the road by the shore really very lovely. I had been driven a short but not very nice way to the farm-station. There were many very fine houses on the way back to Geelong, each with a verandah in front, all of wood—a very fine one having cost £600. I also find the cost of all kinds of labour was not exaggerated by prices sent to Britain—say, plaster work is three shillings per yard in Geelong; in Scotland, about sixpence per yard; and this was given as the reason for a small station costing so very much money. The strange stories told me of the vicissitudes here are considered only matters of every-day life. A baronet's wife keeps a small side post-office, and the daughters were pointed out to me—comely, nice-looking young women, with no affectation whatever.

A large piece of swampy ground near Geelong harbour may one day do for the extension of the harbour, and something is actually being now done in this matter. It is a large, landlocked piece of ground, fit for cultivation whenever the water is taken off it, and this can be done at very small

expense. The entrance to Geelong from here is really very nice—fine broad roads, and a clear run for the station or depôt, with neat but small villas everywhere; some newly planted wood at the road side, with a large thriving plantation on a sloping bare bank, seemingly for shelter. There is a large public park, neat gardens, and several large woollen mills. With this peep at Geelong, and the help of my return ticket, I pass on, having seen and heard very much indeed of this station. All seems thriving, but there is not the bustle of an American city of the same population.

As already remarked, the travelling public are strangely unwilling to speak with a stranger. On my way back conversation was out of the question. I could get no information from well-dressed men in the carriage.

Of course when I landed at Melbourne, and got to a sheep station, "damper," of which so much is spoken in Britain, was wanted, but no one in the house had ever tasted it; and the lady on the station, although born and brought up in Australia, had never even heard of it. The shepherd however was hunted up, and declared it "the finest and sweetest bread you ever ate." I wonder if hunger had anything to do with its being so sweet, but "damper" I never saw yet.

CHAPTER V.

SYDNEY TO AUCKLAND.

THE *Carthage* sailed from Melbourne punctually at twelve noon, and before evening had passed through Bass Strait on the voyage to Sydney, which we expected to reach the next day, and all preparations were made for leaving the ship.

Sydney Heads were sighted in the morning; the day was bright and cheerful, and altogether the appearance of the entrance to the harbour very nice. The interior cannot be seen from the sea, and it is not until the harbour is entered that any idea of its great extent and beauty can be formed.

There is a large lighthouse on the Heads, called Hornby Light, lit by electricity, and seen more than thirty miles away.

The necessity for such a light becomes very apparent from the story told visitors as follows:—

The emigrant ship, *Duncan Dunbar*, in the earlier

days of the Colony, was here wrecked. The captain had reached the Heads towards evening, and would not enter the harbour, from motives of prudence, until daybreak, but stood out again to sea. He however had altered his mind, and endeavoured to enter in the dark, mistaking the town of Sydney lights for the lighthouse. The vessel was wrecked, and only one or two escaped of the hundreds on board. How any escaped is the marvel. The rocks are of great height, rising straight out of the sea for several hundred feet, and the whole roll of the Indian Ocean dashes against them. These rocks present a very grand appearance from the sea, capped by the lighthouse. The splendid harbour opens up after passing the Heads below the lighthouse, a sharp turn preventing it being seen from the sea.

But how shall I describe Sydney, with its splendid harbour, ten thousand bays, splendid villas peeping out from a dense mass of wood; its many creeks, each with a nice landing jetty; lots of pleasure-boats, summer-houses, flagstaffs, nice seats, and everything a fellow could wish to make life pleasant. There was a great amount of shipping in the harbour, from the pleasure-boat or steam launch to the iron-clad guardships of England, France, and Italy. Ferry steamers, built

American fashion, ran from ferry to ferry, and these were generally crowded with passengers. The turns inside the harbour were puzzling to a degree, with pretty villas that always appear when least expected. Government House faces the harbour entrance to the town, and there are several heavy batteries pointing to the harbour. All this is seen from deck, and after four hours' delay the *Carthage* is brought to the foot of a street, where there are many large stone warehouses, and very deep water close to the street. There is a capital landing jetty, and cabs are in waiting. Visitors come on board, much handshaking, many funny remarks, such as, "Look at the lot who came for her." I had no one, but landed alone, and walked to Pettie's Hotel as quickly as possible. It was full; so I went to another, Maloney's, in Wynyard Square, secured a bedroom, and was very comfortable during my stay in Sydney.

A gentleman (Mr. Hay from New Zealand) called early in the evening, and arranged for a sail on the trial trip of a new steamer next morning—so much for publishing the list of passengers in the newspapers at once. To rush round the town, to see Botany Bay, with its shingly beach, sandy ground —very little botany left, biggish hotel and jetty, did

not take long; back in a steam car, through parks, handsome streets, passing very fine buildings, and so passed my first afternoon in Sydney. The many Scotch signs, such as Cowan's paper warehouse in Wynyard Square, made me feel quite in Edinburgh again. Oysters in a saloon, with porter in a stone jug and dirty napkin, initiated me to colonial life. I fail however to feel lonely; am very excited, cheerful, and like the bustle very much.

Round the harbour in a steam vessel which sailed out from England: it has made the passage in something under sixty days, including fourteen days' stoppage coaling, and other reasons. The boat's crew that rowed us to the vessel had a baronet's son as one of the rowers. He looked quite common-place, much the same as the rest of the crew; nothing to show he was a great man's son. The sail was very enjoyable—every bay was run into, testing her powers of backing, turning, stopping, and so on. The actual running rate was nine knots, measured over a mark in the harbour. The day was terribly hot, something like 110° in the shade—the greatest heat of the season; and I certainly never felt tropical heat before.

In walking back met Mr. Tange, Danish Consul at the port, a fellow-passenger in the *Carthage*, and dined with him in the evening at his residence,

about nine miles from town. All the family were present, including Dr. Armstrong, newly appointed to Brisbane Hospital. I think the house is a thoroughly colonial erection, with nice grounds, and many curious woods. The evening was wet, and this most unusual state of matters made colonists stand in it, with expressions of, "how nice," etc.; in perfect truth, they liked it.

The railways are all worked English fashion, with the same arrangement of signals, points, etc.; but they have very few servants, so passengers must look after their own affairs at Croyden Station. The whole arrangement was so tidy and so neat, it looked like the outskirts of London; hansom cabs and 'buses awaiting the arrival of the trains. The railways are fenced in.

The land is everywhere the same—dry brown soil, all in big lumps, requiring much rain to soften and reduce such clods. The crops appear dried up. All vegetables have brown, dead-looking leaves. There seems no fertility anywhere. How can there be without water? Arrived back again at the Sydney Station you step into steam cars for any part of the city, and these cars go about ten miles per hour, often much quicker, round corners of streets with very sharp curves, without drawing up or slackening speed perceptibly. Well may the

inhabitants of Sydney say they have quite destroyed their town. The cars have sliding doors. These are very necessary from the great amount of dust in dry weather; and if a hot wind blows at the time the cars are almost unbearable, the sliding door when shut giving only a little shelter from wind and dust to the inmates. Got to Wynyard Square at a reasonable hour, without being wet, or any the worse of the day's excursion.

I next called upon Professor Stuart at Sydney University, being fortified with a letter of introduction. He received me with the greatest possible kindness, and at once proceeded to show me the buildings. The professor is an old Edinburgh man, and stands very high in his profession. He is a marvel of activity, energy, and good humour.

The University is at present too small for the colonial ideas, and temporary buildings for the anatomical school, chemical class-rooms, etc., are being erected of wood until the proper class-rooms are built. The University proper is a fine erection of stone, with a large hall, staircase, vestibule, etc. These have to be extended for the various professorships; and it is expected no more pupils will require to graduate in England after the University is in working order. The authorities have given the various class-rooms ample supplies of models,

chemical apparatus, and preparations, so that the classes may cope with the old country; and the readiness with which sums are voted for apparatus has given great heart to the professors, who have prophesied a brilliant future for Sydney University.

After leaving the University I went to the public park, and found my way to Woolamaloo Street and Lady Macquarrie's chair. This place is impressed on my memory from a trial in Edinburgh, when I was very young, relative to Lady Macquarrie's marriage. The affair made a great talk at the time, and I think Lord Robertson was then one of the counsel, and said many witty things; so I was most anxious to see and hear of her ladyship. Certainly I have never seen a more beautiful termination to a street; anyone can rest here, contemplate the harbour, enjoy the shipping anchored at your feet, and return to the town within a very short time. Somehow people do not do so, and prefer to go, say to New Zealand or the Blue Mountains, although I believe neither can give a finer view than from Lady Macquarrie's chair.

Public buildings, such as the Town Hall, Post-office, the Library, and Governor's House, occur continually. I do not care much for them, it being impossible to do more than make a casual inspec-

tion. I however did go to Garden Island with Mr. M'Leod, contractor, to examine the site for Sydney New Dock, and am much pleased with it. The present docks were built by convict-labour many years ago, and there is no graving-dock for the repair of large vessels nearer than North Williamstown, Melbourne. The new dock is to be a very large affair, some 750 feet long, with corresponding depth of water at the sill that any war-vessel may be repaired without returning to the old country.

The great advantage claimed for a dock here is that, being upon an island, the detached nature of the structure will be a positive advantage by keeping stragglers from the works. Generally the reasoning is contrary to this, a branch railway being held, in my experience, a necessary part of the expenditure, so that supplies can be procured easily from the outer world. The island seems to have been an old convict station, as there are barracks and workshops, with two small docks now upon it.

A battery of field guns, upon which the native soldiers practice, near Government House, attracted my attention, as I never before saw soldiers after drill but arrange their guns neatly, and leave them so. Here the guns are left anyhow, as if the drill

being over at a stated hour, the men ceased work, and left the cannons just as they were at the moment, tumbled about in anything but soldier-like trim.

Walked back from the ferry by Government House, and saw the quarry arrangements for enlarging the dock. The place is very convenient for shipping the material; and as the rock has a good face, no difficulty will be found in procuring proper stones. The place has also good connections, such as roads leading to town, branch lines of railway, etc. There is also every facility for private work where stone is required; and in a city like Sydney, where large buildings are always going on, it is of the greatest importance to have stone of one colour; and all this can be procured at these quarries.

The whole length of the jetty here was busy with men loading vessels with wool from sheds, mostly sailing vessels, several with four masts.

There is a good service of ferry boats across the harbour. All the boats are clean, and in many cases handsomely fitted up. They are in constant use, and go to every part of the basin, and for miles up the Paramatta River.

Visited some friends about nine miles from Sydney. As they had not received notice of my being likely to call, had to explain who I was; and

I will never again visit friends in the colonies. Can laugh now, but defending oneself with stones from a vicious dog is not pleasant.

The first distinct idea I had of Sydney was from the public park at the Observatory. There is a splendid view from this point, as good as over San Francisco harbour—the clear view all round brings the place as clearly under the eye as upon a map; shows also how the country may be reached. The harbour should be inspected thoroughly, and, above all, let no time be wasted. This information is seldom given you upon the first day, generally only when about to leave, and after you have found it out for yourself. The Observatory is well worth a visit, as it contains many fine instruments. The lighthouse, sea-beach, and the sand-beach watering-places, should also be seen. They will occupy one day, and give a good idea of colonial importance and wealth. Remember, there is nothing striking in Sydney but the harbour. Natural beauty it has in abundance, but the country outside is tame in every way; the suburbs are often poor, shabby, and not worth visiting—visited, in fact, from curiosity only. One place, I think it is called Paddington, was simply a poor, sandy soil outskirt. I expected from the name to see one of the best parts of the city. This will continually occur, the fine harbour raising

great ideas of the inland country beauty, which, when visited, will be disappointing. Up the Paramatta River is not disappointing: it is really most lovely, and should on no account be omitted a visit.

The Blue Mountains are some 130 miles away, and a great sanitorium for health-seekers; but time does not always allow a visit. The land is sometimes poor and sandy, so that the great expectations raised as to the fortunes made at sheep-raising gradually get to be doubted; either the sheep can live with little or no water, little pasture and no herbage, or the fellows tell lies. Fortunes are, however, made, and most people appear well-to-do; so there must be a great amount of trade beyond mere sheep-farming, although that is classed as the great trade of the country. Another thing that troubles a visitor from the old country is the sun being on the north side of the line instead of the south, as in higher latitudes. This misleads at first, but is soon forgotten, never thought of or mentioned.

Got all my luggage down to the *Ruapaha* for a further sail of 1526 miles to Auckland, New Zealand. The charges for porterage were heavy, as I had a good deal of luggage for the island. The cabman was difficult to deal with, and I think he did not charge honestly for the distance.

From Sydney to Auckland is given on the chart as 1526 miles, the time occupied in the passage being from four to five days after leaving Sydney. No land was seen until the morning of the 23rd January, when the Three King's Rocks were seen at the extreme north point of the island; then Cape Reuga, or Cape of Departure, Spirit's Bay, and so on,—the Maories having a tradition that from this Cape Reuga the departing spirits leave, and they believe it,—a rough, bold, rocky coast pasture land, olive green in colour, with rich red coloured rocks mixed through the soil, the red being as bright as carmine. This is the first part of the coast line; after this the land has no wood, but brown fissures, and water-worn sides next the coast. The Pigeon Rock stands up clear and distinct against the land, and many bays now appear reaching far inland, with an occasional white sail. Again, the land is covered with wood, dark green, but clear and distinct. One tree, the pohutukawa, has a bright carmine flower. This is about 20 inches high, and can be seen for two or three miles away. It is a splendid tree, and might be introduced into Scotland. It stands the sea breeze well, and with its rich flower would add greatly to the amenity of a sea-faced estate. Cape Brett follows, with huge volcanic rocks and

precipices; then Percy Island, with a huge opening or arch, through which the sea rushes at all times. This island is wooded on the top, and forms a splendid object. The coast is now covered with wood, dark pines; and the many islands and detached rocks make the sail here a matter of great enjoyment. The Three Knights, the Sail Rock, and so on, successively come in view, until the huge wooded mountain, called Bream Head, is passed. The harbour of Auckland is shortly afterwards entered, and the voyage completed so far.

The voyage from Sydney to Auckland had several objects of interest after leaving. The first of the albatrosses appeared, and they are reported from seven to eight feet over the wings, beautifully coloured dark feathers, white tipped, with black wings; they skim the surface of the sea without moving their wings, but simply turn the wing to the wind, and thus rapidly make way against it, no matter how fiercely it may blow. Without effort they thus move ahead of the steamer, tack about and dive, lifting biscuits or refuse thrown from the ship readily. The wing has one joint capable of throwing it straight, or making the outer portion bend slightly. This appears the only motion ever given it. A smaller

ORION AND SOUTHERN CROSS.

class of albatross, much larger than a sea-gull but with brownish wings, also appeared, and various small birds, Cape hens, and so on—in flocks of twenty or thirty. After reaching the North Cape of New Zealand the common sea-gull appeared, seemingly the same as in Britain. The shark is common, and for several days after leaving Sydney black fins, peculiar in shape, not like the dorsal fin, but dark brownish-black, appeared frequently in pairs, and caused some comments as to their being rather plentiful.

A comet appeared in the heavens when half over the channel, between Sydney and Auckland, and was visible for about a month: it grew gradually brighter, culminating about the 2nd of February.

Three passengers were taken with *delirium tremens* when on board; one died upon reaching the North Cape. He was not buried at sea, but conveyed to Auckland where evidence of his death was taken by the Sheriff. The others seem to have recovered, or at least got ashore alive.

The accommodation on board the *Ruapaha* was limited in the extreme. Although a good large vessel, four persons were allotted to each room, and as the weather was warm it was most uncomfortable.

Upon arriving at Auckland I was natur-

ally anxious to get on shore, and with other passengers did so on a lovely summer morning. The harbour is large and roomy, many large steamers and ships being berthed close to the shore. The New Zealand line from London direct had one steamer of 4000 tons next the jetty, and there were several traders of about 1500 tons.

The harbour is very beautiful, the hills rising from the water's edge with rocky shores, form the boundary at every point near the town. The island opposite the harbour is used as summer quarters by many of the traders in Auckland, and, as there is a good service of boats between the shores, the place is gradually being covered with fine residences.

Upon landing a good hotel became necessary. Oran's, I understood, was the best; and I may briefly say I found it comfortable, but crowded. There has been large additions made since June of this year 1884, so I expect it is now a good, commodious hotel. There are many others, but no large hotel such as met with in American towns of half the size. It was well conducted, and Mr. Oran most attentive.

Mount Eden is the name given to an extinct volcano at the head of the town: it is some 700 feet above the sea level, with many walks and

roads to its summit; and from such the whole district may be traced as upon a map, the atmosphere is so clear. The distance over the harbour, about four miles or so, may be traced house by house, and far away north. In the distance the many windings of the coast make a most magnificent picture. The extremely clear atmosphere, the intense blue of the sea, and lovely distance, all tend to make this view lovely beyond anything I ever saw, even where there are a thousand lovely harbours. Far southwards the windings of a succession of lakes and arms of the sea towards Onahunga makes the country most interesting. On the extreme south and east the lofty mountains of the Thames gold district die away in the distance, mixing in similar lines with the clouds until the one cannot be known from the other.

Returning to the hotel, I find I am made a member of the Auckland Club, and lunch there sumptuously, meet many members, am asked at once, "Hope you have brought plenty money with you," and other evidences of energy and colonial manners. There is a large wooden church (R. C.), with imitation buttresses, imitation stonework, imitation cathedral towers; but truly the singing inside is not imitation. How sweetly they sing! Some lady performer has a solo—perfectly divine;

and I listen, and wish to go in, but have not courage.

Down steep streets, ill laid off, and containing all the ills of a city; passed small wooden houses, wooden fences, wooden pavement, and wooden fire-bell towers, I may say by dozens. These fire bell towers are in most of the streets, and fires occur each evening. One night I was awakened—the fire bell ceased, then began again more furiously than ever, but nobody came. Again it ceased and began. At last one man came, getting on his coat, but seemingly in no haste. The whole town might be burned: they would hardly get assistance to be of service. It seems absurd to have nothing but voluntary service when the whole town is at stake. There should be a large, regular, and well-paid fire brigade. If ever a fire brigade was of use on earth, it should be here in Auckland, and ever ready. Fortunately, there is plenty of water in the town; but even this, I hear, is running slowly to an end.

Passed an Episcopal chapel and school, attended a nice plain service, and thought much of the whole arrangement for praise and prayer. A "new chum" is not noticed here, but rather snuffed out if possible. In America every pew door is thrown kindly open, here none. Go in yourself, help your-

self, and be ready to get up if the owner comes late, and has belongings. Remember a fellow looks seedy and dirty after a long voyage, but you can praise the Lord for a copper or two. This is well understood.

The Auckland Club is most comfortable, but for the short time I have to be in town would not change my quarters. I however lunched several times in it. There is a nice public park, but look at it as you will the laying out is singular, as if it somehow had tumbled over on one side. It was the queerest place to look at I had seen; and, in fact, I felt ill when doing so, and averted my eyes. The villas are very nicely got up, very finely finished, and most commodious; but I was only inside one of them during my visit. From the main street or road here, various streets shoot off on each side, all with comfortable villas, for a long distance into the country.

The Museum contains a good collection of natural history, curiosities, and many specimens of native manufacture now dying out. These will soon become very valuable indeed. The specimens of ores are also valuable, with specimens of Kauri gum, in immense pieces of different shades and qualities.

The Post-office is commodious, but somewhat limited in the arrangements at present. This will

in a few years be got over. The Excise charge one shilling for a revolver if you bring one with you. The Harbour Office and other official residences are all good, plain buildings, fit for the purpose intended. There are also some stone churches and public offices. In the main street from the harbour there are some capital buildings, insurance offices, and banks. The Theatre is also a large commodious building, with lots of exits in case of fire.

It is curious how a primitive town, such as Auckland was a few years ago, will change: it now contains 70,000 people, and is one of the best towns in New Zealand. Every year adds new buildings, the wooden erections disappear, and a fine town, with water and gas, unrecognisable by the first visitor, rises up before him. Tramways are now being laid down through the streets, and this will carry traffic still further inland.

As I had now reached the scene of my reporting, had to call on various gentlemen in the town of Auckland connected with banking and insurance companies, and arrange with them the proposed routes, get messages forwarded for guides, etc. Before leaving, it was considered unnecessary to leave Auckland for at least three days, during which time Mr. S. Graham gave me every

assistance in examining the place, and Mr. Morrin, merchant there, kindly offered to show me over the Stud Company of New Zealand's lands, of which he is a director.

Land in the immediate vicinity of Auckland has risen to an incredible value. The soil and subsoil, being volcanic, are dry, and give wonderful returns to the agriculturist. The farms are mostly in grass, divided by stone walls, with good roads and several fine streams.

The large stones that form the walls dividing each field being scoria, are quite light, and you see a man lifting a stone and placing it in position quite easily, which, if of ordinary stone, would require the assistance of several men; so, until you know this fact, observers wonder at the great strength of colonial labourers.

Mr. Morrin drove me to the Stud Company's property, about nine miles from Auckland. Colonel Walmsley, the managing director, was not at home, but I received every information from Mr. Morrin when passing over the land.

The Company's land is all in grass, regularly divided by stone fences; and the horses are changed from field to field as the pasture gets eaten down. There are 300 horses and mares on the farm, and these are shipped to Sydney, Melbourne, or America, for sale, and bring long prices.

The buildings are mostly of wood, covered with corrugated iron, but there are some of stone. They are very neatly arranged, with feeding boxes inside, and a passage all round the interior of the building, so that at any time the keepers may ascertain the condition of the animals under their charge. Plenty of good water is one of the advantages possessed by the property, and it is laid on to all buildings. As far as I could hear, the Company is very successful, some of the last horses sold in Sydney and Melbourne bringing £1200 and £1500.

The railway from Auckland is only a single line, and the curves and laying out do not favourably impress visitors; but this is being amended, and the curves improved, at Auckland and elsewhere. The gauge of the line is 5 feet 3 inches. It goes as far as Teawamutu, a distance of about 100 miles, but we leave the train at Hamilton, my destination.

In passing along the line of railway the river Waikato is frequently seen; generally, it is about 100 yards wide, very clear and deep, the sides covered with bush and ti-tree.

Hamilton is not much of a town, with no great appearance of prosperity; the houses are mostly built of wood. There are several coal mines on

the line of railway. At Newcastle the mines are driven into the coal beds direct from the side of the railway, and there seems all the germs of a great coal-mining industry.

Cambridge is larger than Hamilton, and there are several good hotels and stables where horses may be had. The ground is very level. Fen Court, the property of Colonel Bailey, is a fine farm, and where the land has been drained and taken from the morass it is of the best quality. There are high mountains in the distance, and this makes the dark plain and white farm buildings appear very nice. The fencing is mostly wire or wood palings; the roads run all in direct lines.

The Maories have a curious custom here of digging ten or twelve feet deep, when a black or dark brown earth is procured, which they use as a manure.

From Cambridge to Morrinsville is very level, swampy, but good land. There is a great quantity of flax, but the cultivation, it would seem, does not give a fortune quickly, so it is not followed so much by the natives as formerly.

Morrinsville is a large property, about 28,000 acres in extent, and all grass land, well watered; lots of belts of plantation, the fern covering everything when allowed to grow. There are

also several good farm buildings, and a small comfortable hotel. I was shown quite a large herd of Hereford cattle, of pure breed; and a flock of some thousands of sheep, all of the highest class.

The railway from Hamilton will join this place in a short time, and has been partially made as far as Oxford; and as Morrinsville will be a junction for the Thames Valley district it may one day become a great place.

The Stud Company of Auckland has a large property at Okaria, upon which Oxford is built, and it was part of my programme to see this place. I find the property is 8800 acres in extent. Mr. Jeff. M'Lean is manager, and he deserves the greatest praise for his cultivation of the land. There are good farm buildings and manager's house, and I passed a most agreeable evening with him.

The show of cattle was very fine, as far as I could judge; and everything appeared managed with economy and skill.

The lower portion of this land is level, and all highly cultivated; the upper portion uncultivated, covered with fern and dark-coloured grasses.

From Cambridge to Oxford the road has been partly formed by the armed constabulary, and partly by contract. It is not much of a road, has no metal in the centre, is full of holes, crosses

every hill, and goes to the bottom of every valley most religiously; the general opinion being that such was unnecessary, uncalled for, and useless. This applies to all the roads in New Zealand, with very few exceptions. One man I found repairing the road near Oxford. There had been a slip of many thousand cubic yards or so of earth, and time did not appear of great value.

Having got upon the coach, which is usually crowded, the road being dry and dusty, you may, with the help of Providence, reach Ohinemutu after a number of hours—generally one long day.

From Oxford the road leads through some magnificent forest scenery, along the sides of gorges many hundreds of feet deep; and it will be noticed that the whole country here is formed in terraces, giving ample room for speculation as to how these came about. Oxford is limited in extent, the whole town consisting of one small inn and an office for the railway contractor. When the railway is completed it will undoubtedly spring up into business, and may even rival Hamilton, or other local towns.

From Hinuwera the road has been formed by the constabulary, and they are extending it at present. It is well formed as far as Ohinemutu.

The first appearance of the hot springs is upon

sighting Lake Rotarua: it is a lovely lake, with great columns of white steam rising from its near sides, and other points on the opposite side of the lake, as far as the eye can reach, into the distance. These columns of steam show the position of the springs, and they may be said to extend all round the lake. The lake itself is about nine miles across.

Ohinemutu has two good hotels—Mr. Kelly's and Mr. Graham's—and long before these are reached you experience the oppressively sulphurous smell; and, when closer to the hotel, all the streams smoke and boil dreadfully, and you become painfully aware that a walk in the dark would be attended with very serious consequences. Such is actually the case, many persons having been scalded to death from leaving the public road inadvertently, without a guide, not realising the dangerous nature of the place.

Kelly's Hotel is the first: it is a good, comfortable, wooden erection, with a verandah round the outside, very comfortable inside, and with moderate charges.

Lake House, the property of Mr. Graham, has also good accommodation for travellers.

The first hot spring or bath belongs to this house, and the bath-house may be reached in a few

minutes. It is said to cure a number of dreadful diseases, and baths may be obtained all day long. Some of the springs are burning hot and dark coloured, others are quite clear. The lake itself is beautifully cool; but even the lake has scalding hot springs in it, close to the shore, so that visitors must use every care and precaution, when bathing, to ascertain whether it is safe or not to do so.

An extensive new town has been designed by the Government, about a mile from this small settlement. Builders were busy at a hospital or sanatorium in February of this year 1884. The site chosen seems very unhealthy for a town, being close to the lake; damp looking, surrounded as it is by the vapour from the boiling sulphur springs of the district.

The curious part is that, upon arriving at any of these hotels, all the Maoris, male and female, gather around you, stare at you with a look partly of fear, partly of inquiry. They are very civil and polite, ready for anything, from carrying a provision basket to dancing the "haka."

Now, a boiling spring may be seen any day in your own house, by simply looking into a pot of boiling-water, the sides of the pot having a very close resemblance to the sides of such a spring. Here they are occasionally forty yards across,

boiling up several feet high, blowing off steam such as you see from a steamboat's funnel, and with the same noise. Suddenly ceasing, they appear all quiet, perfectly clear, and dreadfully deep. They then unexpectedly boil up, toss the water in the air, blow the steam all heights, and are again quiet.

A mud spring is simply like a porridge pot, boils exactly in the same way, blows off a little steam in the intervals, and may be from one yard to fifty yards across. The mud is greyish-white, and the natives and visitors dip sticks into it, and taste it. I never found any taste, but simply a pipe-clay coloured material boiling hot, and certain to blister your tongue if rashly taken. Such are the hot and mud springs at Ohinemutu.

The sulphur springs are dry on the surface, with crude sulphur hillocks rising from different points; they are very dangerous, as the crust is thin and apt to break, and the steam to burn you. The sides of all these springs are generally muddy, with the flax-plant growing down to the water's edge; and, in taking a bath, the guide will always point out to visitors where such can be had safely.

My first impressions were, that the place was one of the most lovely I had ever seen. The

smooth blue lake, the clear white steam, the lovely colour of the Island Mokoia, and mountains in the distance—all make a picture, perfect, strange, yet wonderful, in the last degree. There are many small buildings all of wood, where the residents are located; also Maori whares at many places close to the lake; children bathing in streams, washing going on all day by native women, and the many uses a hot stream can be put to, such as cooking, go on continually.

Each small lot of land is enclosed with thin light fences of ti-tree or flax, and the lots are cultivated carefully by the natives. The soil is good, but this of course must vary with the position of the lot. The shops inside the small town are of the store description chiefly, thoroughly colonial, and utterly devoid of attraction beyond seeing if they have what is required in their store.

I should say the place contained about 1000 people, without any regular employment beyond occasional agriculture, rearing stock, and acting as guides; all seem happy, and no begging. There are some two or three policemen at the hotel door; they have a grievance about something, gather together, and talk mysteriously.

The people are, as already mentioned, very

happy, easily pleased, and with no thought of to-morrow. The hangers about bars, and others, frequently give themselves up to drinking; but there are few Europeans, and those here lead an idle, lazy sort of life; the building of the new town giving good employment to a number of artisans.

The ferns that abound all through the district are a source of delight to visitors. The fern-tree is often thirty feet high, with the smaller varieties of ferns on the roadsides, and at every nook and corner, utterly perplexing the botanist—new and finer specimens being continually met with, so that your collection is frequently recruited and re-modelled before the day has gone by.

Maories are met with at every turn—pretty little chubby children, women with the invariable cutty pipe in their mouths, and men of good build and intelligent appearance. Their houses are all on one plan—thatched roof and sides, the front projecting about six feet beyond the house, with a seat right across the front, that gossip may be carried on under shelter from sun or rain.

Now, ordinary tourists may put in one or two days here well enough; but, unless an invalid, beyond this time is weariness, and I do not think it should be attempted. The botany of the district

is varied and interesting, geology interesting but limited, being all one formation, covered with lava; so that one or two good long days after arriving the wonders become monotonous, and had better cease.

CHAPTER VI.

LAKE ROTARUA TO LAKE TAUPO.

THE thermal region, called the reservation, is under the charge of the Colonial Government; it is about 120 miles long by 60 miles wide, and upon this property lay several estates which I had to examine carefully, with a view to the construction of roads and other improvements.

The celebrated Pink and White Terraces are near Wairoa, and the whole district is covered with boiling springs, large and small, so that to describe them individually would simply be a repetition of words; the principal springs and districts will however be described, as I had to traverse them frequently in examining the various estates.

One thing in all this district I did not like, namely, the ignoring of Sunday; travelling was carried on without any regard to the rest required by man and beast on the seventh day. I entirely set aside the religious aspect of the question, and

can only say that no money whatever, and no amount of ill-will, will ever cause me again ride for three weeks without one day's rest in every seven. It was laid before me when I objected to travelling on Sundays, that it did no good, and merely increased the expense of residing at an hotel. I would however advise all situated like myself sternly to refuse to do so. The advisers will in all likelihood afterwards prove indifferent friends.

From Ohinemutu to Wairoa there is a good public road, with one or more stage coaches; the time occupied is about two hours; the drive through the most magnificent forest scenery, huge fern trees and lovely lakes, with every shade of foliage under heaven.

The first lake is called the Blue Lake, the second the Green Lake; they are close to each other. Between these lake surfaces there is a difference in level of seventy feet. The Blue Lake is intensely blue, the Green Lake very dark olive green and partly emerald—this according to the atmosphere on the day of visit, but both are beautiful in the extreme. The distant hills are greyish brown to almost black, and throw their long shadows down into the lake splendidly. Wairoa is not much of a native village, but contains a good hotel and boarding-house, so there

is no want of accommodation; there are also several houses to let furnished, but M'Rae's hotel is generally taken first—they are most civil and attentive.

The carved temple here has the "Haka" danced in it by native performers. I would not go to it, being Sunday evening, and very tired, but from what I heard it is a disgraceful performance that should not be encouraged.

After breakfast a boat is engaged, and the party, generally of ten or twelve persons, prepare for the great attraction of the Lakes, namely, the Terraces. Kate and Sophia are two female guides who take charge of the party. Sophia is a very quiet, neat woman, with bare legs, old shoes, a black cutty pipe in her mouth, and obliging disposition. Kate appears older and quite as active, seeing to the comforts of the visitors, their wraps, etc., before leaving; but attend to yourself and the guides will thank you.

A very steep road leads to the jetty for embarking; the boats are generally well filled, have a good crew of four men, with a sail, oars, etc., complete. The first lake is Tarawera. It is about six miles long, with dark, rocky shores, and divided into two parts; the crew land at a settlement half over the lake and procure a supply of cray-

fish for lunch; the charge appears heavy, but is all included in the little bill. After this the boat is run along the shore close to lovely wood and rocks, the high mountain to the east being Tarawera, and the outlet of the lake is called, I understand, the "River of the Gods." The scenery is very grand—dark and impressive, the water very black and deep.

A sharp turn, and the boat is run into a creek, about 300 yards from the lake side; the crew assist us to land at the side of a small stream, and you commence the journey to the white terrace. The road is steep and crooked, and at the first summit the whole affair is seen; the feeling is, however, great disappointment.

As we go on, a small river about twenty feet wide, the lake outlet, has to be crossed; a canoe is brought from the boat landing, and moored to almost reach across the stream. Now in you go, sit down, and a push lays the canoe across the stream, which is very deep, and a tumble in not to be desired. After you are over change shoes and prepare for a walk on the alkaline surface of the terraces; they are not slippery, so you need not be afraid of falling.

The terraces are of all heights, from six inches to six feet, formed of alkaline matter, encrusted to

form a succession of steps like old Scotch baronial stairs, each with a rounded edge projecting one or two inches, so that the delusion of steps is complete, and assists the walk up; the water between each step is a lovely blue, deep and clear, nice and warm, so you do not mind wet feet.

The guides look that you come to no grief, and lead you forward until the summit is reached. A curious fact is, that in north or northerly winds the terraces are dry, and the pool at the summit empty; it was overflowing when I was there, is about sixty yards long, and forty wide, intensely blue, and boiling hot, but cools of course after running down the steps of the terrace.

The highest point is about 100 feet above the lake, and the whole of the terraces one white mass of encrusted matter, with beautiful blue baths all along the edges of the terraces, making this certainly one of the most wonderful objects ever seen during a lifetime.

The guides take you down slowly, giving lots of time for examination of the mass. Behind these terraces rises a cone of scoria, all smoking and steaming hot, sulphurous and treacherous; in fact, no one should be allowed to walk over this hill—it is dangerous in every way.

The water from the spring at the summit of the

terrace encrusts any article left in it in a very short time—such as birds, beetles, leaves, etc., but these are so brittle they cannot be carried far, without great precautions, such as boxes with wool, etc. At the bottom of the terraces next the lake there are many steam holes, and the guides now prepare for cooking. Potatoes, cray-fish, or other matters, are simply placed over such holes, and in a few minutes they are well cooked, and the company dine together. The guides and boatmen are very careful about drinking, and do not exceed, but it will be well not to tempt them. After this pleasant hour you get up and walk to the Devil's Hole, a big geyser; every few minutes the steam blows the water say twenty feet high into the air; back it falls direct into its former bed, never going over the edge or bothering people: then to the porridge-pot, where a white, clayey stuff is boiling like a cauldron; it has no taste, but people do like to see if it has—the guide generally takes a decent mouthful, making faces all the time: then to the boiling spring, or Lake Pouri-te-rangi, into which a poor woman once fell; the water boils dreadfully, and death must have been instantaneous: then to a green sulphur lake, quite cold: then to a number of blow-holes for steam: then down again to the lake side, and so ends the white terraces and steam springs.

In looking back, all this place has the appearance of a huge red mound of scoria, all smoking, and the steam rising to a great height; the lower portion of the cone is covered with bush, or *ti-tree*, so that the red cone stands up clear and distinct above the other portions of the landscape—a wild, dangerous-looking spot, and such it is in reality.

Upon reaching the side of the lake you get into a canoe, with perhaps eight or ten others; the sides of the canoe sink close to the water, and the canoe leaks; but now for once sit very still for ten or fifteen minutes and you get the most delightful sail imaginable; the guides paddle the canoe very neatly, and it crosses at a great rate until the pink terraces are reached.

At the foot of these terraces there is a deep green bay, warm, and generally used as a bath. The pink terraces are of a dull red colour, with lovely blue water, not very clear; and the whole is a repetition of the white terrace, only more elongated, not so broad, and hemmed into a sort of small valley, with thick, scrubby bushes upon each side.

The upper pool is boiling hot, the lower ones are cool, temperate, warm, etc., as you may wish; and you generally bathe at a coldish part, then rush up to a warmer, and so on. A bath is very

refreshing at the time, but exhausts very much afterwards. How native people can bathe several times a day is marvellous, and must injure them. Kate bathed quite nicely; she had on a very thin bathing dress, and there were thirty fellows bathing beside her. Two female police watched the whole affair carefully from the side of the terrace.

After about an hour spent thus, all gathered together for the canoe. I walked down the side of the lake by a path until we came again to the Tarawera Lake, two miles off; it is a nice but rather wet path, at the same time I liked it better than a canoe. Kate and Sophia led the way, and prevented any of the party being lost in the swamp, walking always in front and preventing the party from straggling or falling behind.

The lovely colour of the alkaline matter of which the terraces are composed shines clearly out from the dark green surroundings of ti-tree bushes on each side, so that the contrast is marked, and makes the pink terrace a subject of delight for ever. The rocks here are worthy of examination; as noticed upon other occasions they seem to have sunk or fallen down, and are all volcanic.

The other hot springs at Rotomahana are not

distinguished by any peculiarity; there are flocks of ducks and water-fowl in the sedge or flax-covered banks of the lake; yellow sulphur springs, and much hot water with steam occasionally, so that the shores are dangerous from hot springs to bathers.

There is a cave, Ngawanga, which has served as the birthplace of chiefs for many generations. The whole lake has a ring of ti-tree wood around it, that makes the narratives or legends always tell—makes them interesting, even although doubted and badly told.

Back to M'Rae's Hotel, where every kindness is shown by landlord and landlady; the guides are squared up, and those anxious to push back to Ohinemutu take coach and do so. Some people have little time, so little that every instant appears too short; they will do any amount of loafing, smoking, fishing, and reading trashy books without end; but in travelling their wretched habits are shown by hurrying everyone they come across, and thus make a very pleasant journey miserable to themselves and others. This expedition was no exception; it was up early, loaf for hours, hurry back, and so on.

Let me now think of this Terrace business. No doubt it is a wonderful natural curiosity, and on

no account to be missed when within 1000 miles of it; but it has been, to my mind, over-written, and is rather disappointing. If the traveller could camp out—and there is nothing finer in life than to do so here, the climate being generally dry, and there are no reptiles,—I say, if he goes in for camping then the visit will be indeed delightful; the country is so very beautiful, he will have full time to examine and think over the whole matter, so that the wonders seen will be better considered, and the terraces upon after-thought will form a grand and wonderful episode in his life. As it is, the hurry is too great, the rush too much, the affair too nearly like an advertisement: "Let us get our pennyworth, take care no part is omitted; let us have the pound of flesh." Looking back is thus unpleasant.

I had now to examine some fifty or sixty miles of country called the Paeroa, where nothing existed in the shape of a road beyond a very narrow Maori path, say nine or ten inches wide. A fog or wet weather would, we knew, be dangerous, and one or two night's camping-out had to be prepared for.

From M'Rae's Hotel the path lay direct over very steep ground, such as no horse in Scotland could be induced to ascend or descend; but the animal I mounted went at a rapid rate up the

hills, and slid down where riding was not to be thought of. The first few miles was covered with very heavy timber, in most cases burned down, the stumps lying over the pathway. The pasture in other places was very rich and good; it is all here native reserve, and unenclosed. One valley, called the Earthquake Valley, is full of holes, very deep and very dangerous; the name is given from the repeated shocks of earthquake in this district. The ground looks as if it had fallen in, no appearance of an upheaval; and this applies to many more places than the Earthquake Valley.

After four hours' riding a pretty lake is reached, but no name could be found for it; it is evidently a back-lying portion of Rotomahana Lake. There is no wood here, and the path reaches a height of 1600 feet at the summit level. Then down-hill very rapidly for some hours, until a native settlement is reached.

The land is all dry, scrubby, and poor—volcanic, with pumice subsoil, but always well watered. There are several long tracts of level country, and the distant mountains at Horo Horo appear quite close, from the pure, clear atmosphere.

After crossing the summit you enter the great valley of the Waikato. At its upper waters the land on the hill-sides is covered with fern, and

shows a great number of deep gullies; all the streams running southwards to the Waikato. After a few more miles, and before reaching a native settlement, large marshes appear to form the base of the valley of the Paeroa; the land is rich and swampy, only requiring the water taken off to be the finest soil possible. The water of the marsh is retained by the great amount of flax bushes upon the ground, so a new settler can do much by simply clearing the old water-courses from the obstructing weeds, flax, or fern, to have his settlement laid dry; this land is worth more than the ordinary grazing lands of the district.

The native settlement here is very clean and tidy, with neat enclosures, and a well-painted whara with much ornament in front. There are the remains of a constabulary station next the stream. Of this station nothing remains but a grass plot marking its position, and the road from the native settlement to it. This road is overgrown with flax, and now rendered a swamp.

The Waitapu River has here to be crossed either by swimming or by a canoe; an old canoe was placed across, the horses were pulled over, and the journey continued down the west bank of the Waikato. The long marsh is here said to be about

30,000 acres in extent, and riding over to the high ground was attended with some risk of sinking in the swamp.

There are some hot springs at the upper portion of the Paeroa Valley, but none of any great size. We now reach the settlement called Hoatii Hoani-ma-ka-ko, close to the Waikato, and receive a kind invitation to remain over the evening from Ohaki, an old native chief. This settlement is opposite several large boiling springs, the steam from which is seen for many miles. The Waikato is here about 120 yards wide or more, the valley covered with fern and ti-tree, but the soil is not always good, many miles of it being covered with pure pumice-stone; the portions growing flax or marshy are good, but no other kind of land is worth cultivating.

The whara of Ohaki was primitive, consisting of an apartment five yards by four yards, made of *rapoo*, or flax; it was five feet high or so, and you could barely stand in it upright. There was a small enclosing fence all round, about six feet high, and in this enclosure a fire at which cray-fish and potatoes were cooked without salt, and not nice, there being no hot spring to do so without crossing the river.

Ohaki was dressed in no clothes worth men-

tioning, but had a large mat hung round his shoulders. An aged man baited hooks for cray-fish, the bait worms being in his mouth, and a young girl assisted.

A fire was kindled inside the whara, and after a time a bed of fern was fixed up on the bare earth, and upon this laid a waterproof sheet and overcoat, so that the bed was very nice, but hard; a swig of whisky, and asleep. In the morning, about four o'clock, got up and walked about to prevent being frozen, until the cray-fish and potatoes were ready; this, with tea, made a good breakfast.

Ohaki slept in another whara of the same size with some or all of his kin, but no rude investigation was made. A wash, catch the horses, give some plunder and tobacco to our host, and promise to send more tobacco and matches—all of which promises were faithfully kept; rubbed noses with our host, some others, and away.

Ohaki deserves more than a passing word. He and his tribe have sold their land in the Paeroa, and now have only a few acres upon which to squat. He is an old fellow, with a very intelligent face; made a long speech to me in Maori, and produced a book in which I wrote my name and address, but I also gave him my calling card.

This was the crowning point. He stood up, made a very long address, with much movement of arms, and it appeared a telling bit of elocution. I of course replied, but having a limited knowledge of Maori did so by repeating from Ossian the long-winded Clutha, beginning "Son of the distant land," some of Burns' poems, and so on. He had seemingly very great pleasure from this, as afterwards he said I must be a great man in my own country—save him! He is hospitable, as far as he can go with a few potatoes and cray fish—has no English, so that his orations can only be guessed at, but appears a fairly intelligent man and capable of doing a great deal of good if properly directed—or harm, in the event of his being thwarted or badly used.

The huge mountain, Tauhara, looked grand and solemn at the early hour of five A.M. The crater faces up the Waikato, and the ti-tree with which this side was covered gave it a most impressive appearance. Gradually the day cleared, and about nine had a break of the journey and a rest near a small lake, Rotokama, covered with wild duck; there were also many hot sulphur springs at its sides, and a large marsh on the western boundary. The extreme west is a huge level, called the Kaingaroa Plains, a sort of terrace

sloping down to the Waikato, and leaving a huge district of fairly good land, say from three to four miles wide. This is unoccupied at present, but is, I understand, to be at once placed in market for sale in lots, roads formed, and bridges for access to the various allotments.

The natives make an annual raid upon the ducks in the Roto Kama Lake, afterwards preserving them for some months in their own grease. This feast is looked upon as a red-letter day by the tribe.

From this to the base of Tauhara is about eight miles, the riding is dangerous from numerous holes in the path, so that any deviation receives at once the attention of your guide, and should not be indulged in.

The Huka Falls are here, upon the Waikato. The river rushes between two rocks, or a series of rocks, and forms a grand fall; in fact, it is the most impressive fall yet seen in New Zealand. The mass of water rushing in one compact column, deep and narrow, is an expression of strength beyond belief, and, although it is not above twenty feet high, it is the whole River Waikato, generally 120 yards wide, rushed through an orifice with great fury, noise, and strength—strength enough to drive many mills, and give employment to much native industry.

And now, past the settlement belonging to Mr. Graham of Wairakei; a settlement presented by the natives to Mr. Graham for his great kindness and interest in their affairs. It is some 4000 acres in extent. The Government have made many efforts, I understand, to reduce the gift; but, after various Courts, have been unsuccessful with their claim, and Mr. Graham retains his native present; It appears to most people a shabby effort of a Government to endeavour to get this possession.

Taupo is again reached, and Mr. Gallachar's hotel now appears doubly comfortable, duly appreciated; stiff grog and to bed, very tired indeed.

CHAPTER VII.

OHINEMUTU TO TAUPO.

THE coach road from Ohinemutu by Horo-Horo to Lake Taupo is fairly good and comparatively level. The drive occupies one day, and is given at fifty-six miles. Into a buggy then we all get, drive down through Sulphur Town past the boiling springs at Rotokakhi—and these are worth a visit, being principally mud springs, with several hot boiling springs, throwing the water sometimes twenty feet into the air. There is a small charge made for the use of the bath here.

After reaching the summit of the road, some 1200 feet above Lake Rotarua, Horo-Horo comes in sight and continues so for several hours; I can hardly describe the great beauty of this district:—An enormous extent of undulating land covered with rich pasture, with the huge rocks of Horo-Horo rising about two miles from the public road. The peculiarity of this plain is the resem-

blance to a gentleman's policy ground, but no mansion is to be seen, neither are farm buildings, nor native settlements, and hardly a living person in a long day's drive.

The solitude is actually terrible in many of those districts, and I think it is increased from the great distance the eye can travel in every direction. The whole district is volcanic, with a peculiar appearance as if the ground had fallen away and left portions of it sticking up through the earth. Horo-Horo means "fallen, fallen."

The whole of this district overlooks the Thames Valley, and what is called the Patetere. About half-way the Thames Valley disappears, and the road descends to the Valley of the Waikato, rejoicing in the name of Hopoihipi. At this station there is a small change-house, a few dirty children, no great appearance of comfort, and a great amount of pure water.

Here the Rat's Tooth, a curious volcanic formation on the side of the Waikato, is best seen; and if time permits subsequent visitors to make a closer examination than I did, it will be attended with some pleasure. There is also a good waterfall.

We now enter the district block of Tatua, some 46,000 acres in extent. It is at first all open

country, undulating plains, and some scrub-wood, or ti-tree, with the fine valley of the Waikato on the left-hand side of the coach road leading to Taupo.

Several flocks of sheep were here passed on the road under the charge of several mounted shepherds; they appeared in the best of condition; in fact, any stock passed upon this road was good.

Met two fellow-travellers, Mr. H. B. Morton and Professor Thomson of Auckland. The geology of the neighbourhood formed the subject of a very short conversation.

The land, after passing the Waikato, is a good deal covered with tussock grass, giving the district a yellowish tone; it may be taken as worth 20s. per acre, but as high as 26s. has been paid for some of it, and I believe it could be obtained at a very moderate rate if taken in bulk.

Tongeriro, with its snow-covered peaks, now came in sight, forming a splendid range in the extreme distance; the Ruapaehu Mountain Peak being far above the white clouds, the snow preventing its being well seen at first through the golden sunset.

Several hot springs were passed, Mr. Graham's settlement and Lofflie's baths on the left-hand side of the road. The hot springs at Wairakei

should be examined, as they present quite as many distinct features as Rotarua. There is a good hotel, and every facility for passing a few days at this sanatorium.

The hotel at Taupo was now reached after a long drive, all being anxious for a rest after a long day's journey in a "buggy."

CHAPTER VIII.

TAUPO TO WHANGAMATA.

AGAIN in a buggy we leave Taupo Hotel to visit the native settlement, Posatsa, near the Whangamata block of land. This district also embraces Tatua and Posatsa. The road is very good, and continues so for some miles after leaving the main road. The centre of this district contains a great amount of heavy native timber, wooded as far as Lake Taupo. This land is particularly good, well watered, and adapted for settlers, being close to Lake Taupo, and having a frontage of more than two miles to the lake. The native settlers received us very kindly; a great amount of the conversation being in Maori mixed with English.

I wished to enter the wood and walk through it, but found it rather thick for this purpose. When in it I could even see nothing, the timber being too dense. The principal wood here is totara, and it was estimated there would be about 2000 acres.

After a long conversation and careful examination of the place the principal went into his store, produced a bottle of brandy, and offered "nips" all round, quite after the manner of a Christian. We bade him good-bye, rubbed noses, and came away the same road. I may mention that each native settlement has a distinct store of its own, from which all are supplied, the community being on the social system.

I was greatly impressed with this property; it appeared to me the best I had yet seen, and quite capable of having railway communication cheaply carried through it. The ground being comparatively level would allow a line to be cut here easily. The property is twenty-three miles long, and nearly parallel to the public road, so that it might be traversed in its whole length; over and above all this, it has valuable wood, the frontage to the lake, and extends nearly half the distance between Ohinemutu and Lake Taupo. I advised such a scheme, and that some effort should be made to have it either through this block or the Paeroa, as the means of opening them up. If made through the Paeroa it would be of no use to Tatua, as the two blocks are rather far apart, but both are in the direction of Ohinemutu.

There is a constabulary station and two good hotels at Taupo settlement; there is also a bridge across the Waikato. This settlement has now several good dwelling-houses, smith's shop and stores. The land is gradually being sold, and in a few years there will likely be a large town.

About a mile south and west from Taupo Station there is a native settlement, also several hot springs; these the native population use for washing and cooking, and as all washing is carried on by the natives there is always a busy scene at this place.

The bay is very pretty here at Taupo Station; the smooth beach, the canoes all drawn up, the neat chapel, a whara overlooking the lake, the great number of children and natives all engaged in some useful occupation, the armed Constabulary mounted and generally going at a great speed, makes the settlement cheerful and active beyond usual. The land is not under much cultivation beyond what is occupied by the natives, and the back portions are simply covered with fern and ti-tree bush. Now and again you come across a wool-clipper fellow, carrying his "swag" in a loose bag thrown over his shoulder; generally lazy-looking fellows, who disappear at the approach of any vehicle with travellers until they have

passed; they never seem to have a horse, and their manner of life is strangely like that of a tramp. The whole district is volcanic, the soil is pumice, many yards deep, with charcoal in black lumps all through the mass; this pumice makes good soil after being harrowed and sown down with grass seeds.

Leaving Taupo Hotel and driving towards Napier, the first village is Opepe, where a serious engagement took place between Her Majesty's troops and the natives in 1864. There is a dense forest on the north side towards Kaingaroa; the men were encamped with no preparations for defence, the natives rushed from this cover and completely destroyed the men, one only escaping to a fort some fifty miles away. The story is that he hid himself until dark, and so escaped; they also add that he was a red-headed Scotsman. Their graves are enclosed with white painted wooden railings, and a few fir trees planted at each little enclosure.

It is the same story of surprise in all cases—Zululand last. But I can remember the same old story from infancy: no preparations for an attack—the natives creep close to the encampment fires, then a sudden raid, and the regiment is wiped out. It is the same over and over again; the best

families in Britain have to mourn over sons destroyed by savage hordes, from sheer carelessness, or from despising the strength of savages in their native lands.

The small hotel at Opepe affords a good drink, and the horses can be fed. Provisions are always taken, so that no dependence for supplies need be placed on your resting-place. Looking back after reaching the summit of the road, you see the extinct volcano Tauhara; its sides covered with native timber, and presenting a splendid appearance; the steep slopes at the summit of the mountain, and the deep gorges all lined with dark wood, make it one of the finest sights of the island. Much of the wood at the base of the mountain has been cut, and of course no portion replanted, so that the land between Taupo and Opepe has a very deserted look, after passing the native settlement at Tauhara.

From Opepe to the small house at Rununga the distance is thirty-two miles, the country perfectly level, and somewhat swampy. The Rangitaiki River, twenty-three miles from Taupo, has nothing remarkable in it beyond being very pure, but nothing picturesque; the land is in some places barren, covered with flax, and worth fifteen shillings per acre. It is easily cultivated; in fact,

after burning the ti-tree alone it is ready for pasturing cattle or sheep. The bridge over the river, where a camp is generally formed, has a fine piece of pasture some three acres in extent, formed by the horses being turned loose from the waggons when camping; this gives a practical proof of how easily good land could be made in a poor district by a little attention: this spot has received no cultivation, yet it is now fine pasture land.

The swamps here could be easily drained, all that is required being to partly clear the water-courses now grown up with flax bushes; the land will then be found to be of good quality indeed, fit for any class of cultivation, although 2200 feet above sea level at Rangitaiki Bridge.

There was a Constabulary station at Rununga, and the remains of the stockade now alone mark the site. There is a road from the main coach road to the late station, but this has been allowed to go to ruin; there are also many fine clumps of wood near, so that one day a hotel will spring up, and make this sheltered valley a beautiful spot.

The small hotel or stable is limited in the extreme, there being but two rooms. The house is built of pumice-stone, and loud noises or grumblings during a rain-storm appeared to come from below the house; the inmates said they were

from Tongeriro or Ruapaehu, and often came much louder than I heard, shaking the ground and house. It was not thunder, but loud bursts of sound, as if from the ground. From this to Napier by Tarawera Inn there is a good road, but in many places extremely steep and dangerous.

We had a drunken Scotch shepherd as companion, his whole conversation being "Did you ever see such like land?" "Did you ever see such a country?" etc. Ultimately, after receiving some "tommy" he went on his way.

The whole land here is white pumice stone, with pieces of charcoal through it; this charcoal makes a good substitute for coal, and can easily be picked out and stored. The water here is plentiful and very fine. There are many good sites for sheep stations, and any settler would do well here, although sixty miles from Napier and thirty or so from Taupo, the land being good and easily worked, with plenty of wood. The pasture is second to none I have yet seen in New Zealand.

After passing an evening in the hut, rather crowded and close, morning broke wet and misty, so the ride back was not agreeable. The main-road was left upon several occasions, and the land slowly ridden over upon each side for a more careful examination of its properties. The day

cleared up, and towards evening Taupo hotel was reached, and preparations made to cross the lake next day.

Lake Taupo is twenty-four miles across, circular in shape, with a large island in the middle, called Mokoia. The splendid snow-covered peaks of Ruapaehu and Tongeriro, as seen from the hotel, give landscapes such as are common here, but utterly beyond the comprehension of Britain's sons.

Lake Taupo is dangerous to cross, and there is nothing for it but take a canoe and coast round the lake, a question of much time. There are two whale-boats procurable, if the innkeeper is duly warned, and these have four good men who can work the sail or the oars perfectly, the cost being about six shillings each man, with their food.

I crossed in the whale-boat to the point of Poukura, and then coasted along the land to Tokano Hotel, passing Okahukura where there are many warm springs. The sides of the lake are wooded, and well sheltered from all winds, the native settlements peep out from spots of cultivated ground at the lake side, very prettily indeed.

In crossing Lake Taupo care should be taken not to cross in bad weather, or with appearance

of change; the lake is liable to become very rough and agitated in the wildest manner, and it is asserted that a vortex exists near the island on the south side of the lake. The natives will lie down in the bottom of the boat or canoe when it comes on to blow, and nothing will induce them to get up. You can manage the boat yourself—assistance from them you will get none, beyond a whisper, "It is *Taupo*," that is, the devil.

The Waikato River enters the lake near this; it is low and flat; the entrance to the river mouth being through sedgy ground and flax bushes, and, unless the boatmen know the entrance, it will be missed.

The river up which we steer for the hotel at Tokano is grown up with reeds, so the boatmen have to pole the boat until the landing-place is reached; there is no jetty for landing, but you get out amongst some reeds, and then on to firm land. A few Maories are working the low land, cultivating potatoes. It is well enclosed, and there are quaint gates to the enclosures, generally with heads carved on the gate-posts; so you think of former days, and how very likely these had heads spiked to them in earnest. Tokano is now reached; a few natives hang about; and a rather dreary-looking room with a chart or two of the

Australian Coast, some drawings from the *Graphic*, etc., help to make the room comfortable.

Mr. ———, who at present runs Tokano Hotel, has not much bedroom accommodation at his disposal, still he makes the place very comfortable; he is most intelligent, and will give every assistance for an excursion.

By standing a little south of the hotel you will see Tongeriro; the hot springs, one spring on the side of which sends the white steam in one long column straight into the heavens, when the day is calm. The distant hills present wonderful precipices, and great natural beauty all round. Tokano is also a native settlement, and there are several very large hot springs close to the hotel. These springs boil, rush up steam, and give every indication of their great heat; in looking down into them you see extremely pure water, clear as crystal, of great depth; and at once, suddenly, every few minutes, the whole becomes a mass of boiling liquid, completely covering the vicinity with steam.

The bathing pool is about thirty yards diameter, and into this all jump, male and female, swimming and shouting and throwing the warm water about, after the same fashion as their Christian brethren do when bathing. One boiling

spring is within six feet of the bathing pool, very still and deep, and intensely hot. A young man, lately bathing, upon leaving the large pool during such larks, stepped into this hot spring, and was burned to death. Such accidents are not frequent, still they do occur, and as the whole ground is covered with pools, steam holes, fumerols, and such like, I wonder they are not more common. The steam rushes out from small apertures, where there is no water, and at such openings the natives cook anything very nicely.

At Okahucura, about three miles north from the hotel, a landslip occurred in 1861, destroying nearly all the tribe. The following is one version, but there are several:—

The chief Te-Heuheu had the district here, north of the hotel. In 1861, when away hunting, the whole land slipped into the lake, destroyed the tribe, burying all Te-Heuheu's family, so, upon their return, nothing but desolation remained.

The hot springs still rush from the hill face, with long jets of white steam, and the broken ground shows the position of the slip, as fresh as if only a few days old.

Te-Heuheu was greatly grieved at the loss of his tribe, but at the time of the slip an immense spring burst on the east face of Tongeriro. This,

Te-Heuheu said, was his wife looking back on his grief, and from that time until his death he was found looking towards this part of the mountain; some say he always sat looking at it, until his death.

As already mentioned, this hot spring still exists. It throws a great pillar of steam straight into the air, more than a 1000 feet high. As it assumes curious shapes in calm weather I can quite account for Te-Heuheu's imagination in this matter.

Another version is, that Te-Heuheu was also destroyed along with his people, but afterwards dug out by his tribe.

There are now warm, to boiling, springs all over the hillside, so that some day another slip will likely occur. The land next the lake is well cultivated—belongs to the native population; and at Pukawa there is a large waterfall. The land upon the summit of the ridge is about 500 feet above the lake; has several hundreds of acres, formerly wood, cleared, but the stumps still remain; it is good, volcanic land, with pumice subsoil, and well watered; the view over the lake being very fine and, from the large extent of cultivated land, although in patches, it gives quite a pleasant look to the landscape.

This was the scene of the native outbreak of the war in 1860-61, and no settlers have occupied the place since that time. It has, however, a title, and from its great extent would make a grand sheep-run.

On the north-western shores of the lake, by Karangahape, many incredibly high precipices form the base of the landscape next the lake. They appear basaltic, but are of pumice, and the promontory called Karangahape is prominent. The Rev. Mr. Grace formerly possessed this land, but his house and sheds were burned at the outbreak of the war in 1861; so there are only a few wild peaches now marking the spot where the house stood—a wool shed also shows the site of the onstead. Westwards from Karangahape is the King Country, taking in all the northern side of the lake. There is no road along or near the shore, only a bridle-path along which a pony or Maori horse can go; the land is intersected by deep gullies, and these are difficult to pass, still it can be done, and camping ground is quite common, or it can be examined from a canoe.

Starting again on horseback from the hotel at Tokano, with a Maori guide, to explore the southern side of the lake, we crossed a swampy piece of land until the River Waikato was

reached. The river-bed is soft and shallow, so it took some time to get a ford, and after all it had to be a swimming affair; the horses, however, got over and climbed the bank on the opposite side easily.

For an hour's ride after crossing, the ground is perfectly level but liable to floods. It is good land covered with ti-tree, and forms part of a long level tract up the side of the Waikato River, for say 20 miles. It is really a splendid tract, but is partly native reserve and partly let on lease.

The ground was full of small dangerous holes, seemingly about 10 or 20 feet deep and not larger than a person's hat, so the track had to be most carefully followed or something might have happened to the horse and rider. A long swamp had again to be crossed, the path leading one or two miles off the straight, but at length the shore was reached, and a Maori settlement Waitetoka gave us rest. There is a road now being formed by the constabulary from here to Taupo; when finished, this country will be properly opened up and accessible to all.

The day now turned to a tempest of wind and rain—the nearest shelter was ten miles on, so nothing but face the storm and push forward. The unfinished road terminated at a granite preci-

pice about 500 feet above the lake, and the path was not a yard wide, but we got safely round it without dismounting. Then, a mile or so further on, the road path and all was washed away by the storm on the lake—nothing for it but again face the lake, now lashed into tempest, and ride through the broken water, as the cliff above was perfectly impassable—safely over. Hetepe Whara was reached at dark, to my great delight; a bed was procured, the most delightful I ever rested upon, although humble in the extreme; dry clothes procured, and a stiff grog closed the day, Mr. Mole, the proprietor, kindly giving me much information as to renting farms, etc., from the natives.

The cliffs passed yesterday were all hard grey granite; to-day it is soft white pumice stone; and a ride of some 30 miles is before me; the Hinemaia River is both deep and wide, but very clear fine water. The constabulary road is here formed through the pumice by native labour, and the cost of about 1 mile in length, 14 feet wide, with cuttings and embankments, was only £100 sterling. The native labourers have to do all cutting, wheeling, and labour work; the constables prefer blasting or building, and do it very well indeed. The rate of wages for a good native labourer is 6s. 6d. per day at present.

Part of this road, after reaching the summit level, led down a long canyon with perpendicular sides, very fine to look at but difficult to climb. There were many fine black horses, perfectly wild and of no value; they were native horses foaled in the bush, now wild; they can be run down and are worth about 30s. each when caught, but they have no strength, although easily tamed.

The splendid appearance of the lake to the north and east, the grand tracts of land all round, and the freshness of the air after yesterday's storm, make this a most delightful day's ride. The whole land is covered with rich pasture, ti-tree and the larger class of manuku, so that paling rails and fences where required can be erected very cheaply; the sites for farm houses, or ranches, are numerous, and the great number of pure streams make the lands appear fertile and infinitely richer than anywhere in Australia, where a running stream is so rarely seen except the larger class of rivers. I have seen few settlers except native population since leaving Tokano, and thus a distance of 30 miles or more may be said to be almost uninhabited; one or two white men alone occupy the land, and say fifty or one hundred natives in their settlements on the sides of the lake. Taupo Hotel was again reached in the afternoon.

Leaving Tokano Hotel again early in the morning on horseback, for an examination of Okahucura, after some hours' ride through a morass and close to the river Waikato, its feeder on the southern side of the lake, we leave the river and turn direct to Lake Rotoaira, which is reached about one P.M.

The stream up which we rode is called Poutu, being the discharge from Lake Rotoaira.

The desert below the mountain Ngaurahoe is distinctly seen extending a long way to the southward, speaking of earthquakes and volcanic matter having been here at no distant period, although perhaps not within the memory of any living man.

The Lake Rotoaira is beautifully pure, covered with reeds at the upper end, and swarming with ducks and wild fowl; the native settlement on the side of it being well filled with Maories—a great number of them, perhaps the whole, being engaged by Mr. T. Morrin sheep-shearing some miles away.

After a long ride through a level country, Tongeriro began to emit strange sounds all below ground, and the guide at once told us it would be rain, so we hurried on for Okahucura Whara to pass the night.

As we were not quite sure of the welcome likely to be given us, it was considered advisable to go

gently towards the settlement, and as the guide was a native of the place, or his wife, I could not make out which, the young woman was sent forward on horseback, whilst we drew up and looked on. The young lady sat down, covered her head with her dress, and continued thus for ten or fifteen minutes, after which all the native settlement gathered round her and made great lamentations and rubbed noses for a long time.

Word was then sent me that a fire might be kindled at the whara, where we were to pass the evening. A fire was kindled, the horses unsaddled and tea made, the Maories gathering round in great force.

After a short stay a man came from the settlement bringing a present of a large dish of very nicely prepared mutton chops. They were cut the whole length of the chop from the backbone, about fifteen inches long, and notched at every two inches, so that by holding it in both hands they could be eaten very nicely indeed; two inches, I presume, being the size of a New Zealander's mouth.

They were very good, and with tea made in a preserved meat can, and some potatoes, the meal was magnificent.

The old and skinny native women were dreadfully anxious to rub noses; some of the young ones were very nice, not objectionable in any way.

The rain and wind now came tearing down the valley, so it was great delight to think we had a roof over our heads; the howling of the storm, the pouring of the rain and complete darkness, all tended to make the stay over that evening very pleasant. The guide and his wife crept together, and it seemed to me they made their toilet with a needle and thread in the morning, and with a pair of scissors when retiring. A beastly smoking lamp made the interior of the whara uncomfortable, but otherwise the evening passed quietly away; the guide wailed a singular melody, Graham smoked, and I tried to write up my notes in the half dark building. The whara had dreadful figures painted all over it, startling one occasionally, but the evening passed away quickly.

Morning came and with it another lovely day without a cloud, without vapour, and a clear blue sky; boots were drawn on, tea again made in a tin can, with a breakfast of biscuits, tea and chops, appeared sumptuous in every way. Our Maori friends gathered round us now, and after two hours' rubbing noses and bidding good-bye went on our way rejoicing.

A long day's ride to the southern and western district of the block Okahucura, passed several canyons with rapid streams in the bottom, but none difficult to ford, brought us to the Whanganui

River, south of the block we were examining, and here we drew up for a rest.

The country was very fine, covered in many cases with flax bushes, and as the flowers contained each a small globe of honey our clothes were saturated with it unpleasantly.

The country is still all volcanic, covered, I should say fifty feet deep or more, with white pumice stone, all rent and twisted, forming canyons or gullies of great depth, and the riding across these was rather breakneck. The ground is all in pasture, and after riding a few more miles enter the block called Pukawa.

On the highest point of this land we suddenly came upon what had formerly been enclosed ground; it was beautifully fertile, planted with dark wood, a species of laurel, but there were many fruit trees and gardens all deserted, the remains of several whares and enclosures showing it had once been occupied by some person of taste.

The larger wood was destroyed, and all the fences broken down, but at a very small cost the whole place might again be enclosed and rendered a lovely spot in this lovely land.

Again pushing on for the coast the table-land extends to within one mile or less of the shore. A great amount of the wood has been cut down,

and the bush cleared, but the wood has been left lying so that it is difficult to find a road; but, by holding to the track, we at last reached a very steep road leading to the sea, down which we went and at last reached the shores of Lake Taupo.

The first person we met was Mr. Grace, and it appeared to me he had been engaged in some domestic duty, common with settlers, but rather uncommon in this country,—I think he had been slaying the fatted calf; he is a most gentlemanly fellow, and very pleasant to talk with.

The road along the shore to Tokano is very rough and wet; various streams had to be crossed, and this was not agreeable. The last tribe, Te-Heuheu, still reside here, and I understand from a guide-book his son traces his genealogy for sixteen generations, so that the good conservative cause may yet hold its own in this land. After much stumbling over the land the last stream is reached, deep and narrow, so a short swim with the horse had to be made, and the firm land was reached near the boat landing-place, and within one mile of the hotel; this was duly reached after our two days' ride, and much thought of by all of us.

CHAPTER IX.

OHINEMUTU TO TAURANGA.

HAVING now examined all the district round Tokano and Taupo I take my departure after a long stay, drive again to Ohinemutu, and prepare to return to Auckland by the east side of Lake Rotarua and Tauranga.

Riding is preferable here to driving—and good horses can be had,—more so as I did not know to what extent I might have to leave the main road and examine land. The island of Mokoia and the legend Hinemoa are passed in this ride. The young lady, a king's daughter, swam out to see her lover in the island of Mokoia; the distance is about two or two-and-a-half miles, but considering that the lake is warm it does not appear to me any way incredible. The position of the bath and the scene are regularly described by the natives, and I cannot divest myself of the truth of the legend.

Lake Rotaiti is at the north-eastern corner of

Rotarua, and the road winds round the side of it. There is a hotel and some hot springs near this, close to the road side; but the hot springs extend all over the north side of Rotarua and Rotaiti. The river is very deep, and a boat can make the circuit of this upper lake, but of course it is little service in making for Tauranga.

The natives are burning the ti-tree bush, and preparing to cultivate some of this land at the upper end of the lake. They had formerly a large trade in potatoes, cultivating as many as served the district; this they will not now do, but purchase the potatoes required. Of course this causes great poverty, as any money they have goes for the purchase of provisions which they might provide by their own labour.

The road through the forest for more than five miles is very beautiful, along the top of a gorge, the river running far below.

There is a "bone-scraping" expedition going on here, and quite a multitude of black fellows are pouring in from all directions. Now, a "bone-scraping" is quite a national ceremony; the dead body is kept for about a year, generally hung up on a tree, and after it is quite putrid taken down, and the bones scraped by the relatives. A great amount of eating and drinking goes on

during this ceremony; and it is spoken of as demoralising. Can it mean anything beyond the mere ceremony, and take a higher motive?

Upon reaching the bottom of the hill, some fourteen miles from Rotarua, level, swampy ground is reached near the sea. The land seems very good, and various settlements are passed on the road, amongst others that of George V. Stewart, at Te-Puke. All the land is more or less cultivated on each side of this settlement, and here we have a succession of huge marshes extending all along the shore. The road close to Tauranga has many coveys of partridges or quails upon it, and this continues until we are close to the town—the birds being very tame. There is a long wooden bridge, cutting off an arm of the sea, and giving direct entrance into the town, which we reach about sundown—very tired indeed, the distance ridden being something like fifty-six miles.

Up early in the morning and to the harbour, walked along to the Gate-Pa, saw fishermen at work, and judging from the amount caught there would be a supply for the whole town, easily procured with a few men and two hours' work. The fish are large, firm, and good. There are various descriptions of fish in the harbour.

We had some for breakfast in Menzies' Hotel, and nothing could be finer. They seem like the "schneider" or "snapper," so common in Sydney, and I presume it is something of the same fish.

When near Tauranga last night there was passed large patches of fern land on hills, and as already mentioned much marsh land near the sea. There are also large cultivated districts up valleys leading from the sea. All this land is good, sound pasture, and the visitor will be surprised at the state of the stock he will continually meet with, and the quiet, homely, English look of the farm-servants—so much so, that it is difficult to imagine you are so far from Britain.

To the north of Tauranga there are very good land settlements, both fern and cultivated, and near the town it is difficult to believe the fertility of the soil. There is also good accommodation for shipping, many sheltered bays, and the inlets from Tauranga Harbour give good shelter for small coasting vessels. Steamers do not at present touch at the smaller coast settlements, but, with a little judicious arrangement and the erection of one or two jetties, the vessels at present employed in the coasting trade would do so—offer but a little trade, and the steamboat owners are ready to meet any traffic.

Tauranga contains 5000 inhabitants, a court-house and church. It is one of the many pleasant towns in the north island. There are also two good hotels, Menzies and the Royal. Tauranga is also in direct communication by sea with Auckland, Napier, and other towns, by steamboat three days in the week. It is likewise the starting-point for the hot springs district, and the settlements upon the side of the Bay of Plenty. The harbour is small and shallow; at the same time there is a good channel for vessels of deep draught. Overlooking the bay is a constabulary station and redoubt, with dry ditch, barrack, etc., the same as usual in such stations.

There are good roads, well laid off, with villa residences upon each side, and, as already mentioned, a long wooden bridge over the west arm of the sea, so that traffic can now go southwards and westwards, entering the town direct, without making a long detour. There is a cheese factory now on the south of the town, and the land is well and skilfully cultivated. The breed of stock is of an improved kind, principally pedigree cattle; and it is very difficult when looking at Herefords to imagine you are in New Zealand.

Like all towns in New Zealand trade fluctuates very much; at present it is dull, and lately it was

very brisk, causing speculation. The imaginary greatness passed away, and it is at present a very nice, clean, sleepy place, without much appearance of greatness, but really a very pleasant place to pass away life. Fish, vegetables, and fruits, are very cheap, so are all the necessaries of life. The Maori population are industrious, able and willing to work; the rate of wages however being about six shillings per day; if the land is in the vicinity of a native settlement they work cheaper, rear horses, and are in many ways useful to new settlers.

The ground round Tauranga is all good, and capable of at once being put under the plough—say, at one half-mile from the town it is worth about £5 per acre; nearer the township it increases wonderfully in value—say, ordinary hill land, one mile or more from Tauranga, enclosed and good, can be had for £1, 10s. per acre, what is called good fern land. But the settler will remember he may not receive any notice of land suitable for his purpose for some weeks after landing, and if it is enclosed it will be much higher in value than now mentioned. The swampy land is best if the water can be withdrawn from it; as this is often easily carried out a part of swamp should be attached to each location if it can be con-

veniently obtained. Estate agents are numerous in the town, and the daily papers will detail land for sale, and often good bargains may be had of enclosed land close to the town, with dwelling-house and farm buildings; but the settler must not be in haste in purchasing his lot.

Again leaving the hotel at Tauranga I proceed direct south on the way to a block called Paengaroa, about five miles square; the road is good for about six miles from Tauranga, after which it ceases, and we had to adopt riding for the rest of the journey, other eight miles or more.

The district called Paengaroa is densely wooded, with large Kauri and Totari timbers; the nearest navigable river is six miles off, so that although the timber is valuable a market would be difficult to obtain. On the road back the horse became restive, and the machine had to be left for a time until the horse would draw it.

The land is here well enclosed, and many excellent fields of clover are passed, also good maize and potatoes. The native settlement is a very small one at Paengaroa.

The Mangorewa Gorge is only a few miles off from this point, and the whole district here is enormous terraces covered with wood, and open table-land on the top. The district is all volcanic, and the roads are cut through white pumice.

Several very well-dressed boys and girls now come round the conveyance; they belong to a gentleman located here, but we did not call, time being short. The place is very solitary, and I can quite understand the lonely feeling upon first settling in this district, and the complete isolation from every phase of civilised life. I am afraid the fine views would rather be dispensed with, and something much more common-place preferred, with more society.

We now join the steamer *Glenelg*, at four afternoon; secured berths and proceeded to Auckland, which was reached early in the morning.

The great amount of fruit, principally peaches, brought into Tauranga would, I think, form a good trade, if preserved. The settler is fond of such, and large quantities of American preserved fruits are much used; it is not at one station, but all over the island, so that the supply of fruit may be held to be unlimited.

I had now some time to spare, and wrote up all my notes, so that nothing was likely to be omitted, and proceeded a few days after this to examine some land in the vicinity of Auckland, farmed by Mr. Graham.

There is a direct line of railway to Onehunga, about nine miles from Auckland; this village

being one of the suburbs or sea-bathing quarters from Auckland, I understand.

There are large saw-mills and steel-works close to the harbour, and several other industries are also carried on. There is also a good hotel with stables, and a 'bus runs daily to Auckland. I secured a passage in the small steamer, and it was mentioned that four hours would be the time reaching the pier at Awitu. The steamer had a few stoppages for passengers, but kept her time. The engineman was of opinion cheese was better made here than in Scotland, and gave me some from his store very good, and quite equal to anything I have tasted in Lanarkshire; it was in fact good Dunlop cheese made at Onehunga, New Zealand. One of the passengers was Mr. Joseph Clark from Elgin, Scotland, a good Scots farmer; but he thought there was too much land offered for sale, and rather disliked having so much on a farmer's hands. Mr. Graham was at the pier and received me very kindly, and then drove to his farm, Oketupu. The land at the shore is poor and sandy. On the way up a small inn is passed at Awitu.

The morning after this was wet and misty, but cleared in the afternoon, and the farm was carefully gone over; the stock and buildings examined.

Manukau Heads and Bar saw the *Orpheus*, sloop-of-war, wrecked in 1864. The vessel struck the bar, and went to pieces with all hands. It caused a great commotion at the time. The pilot on the steamer explained that the channel taken was the wrong one.

I now rode to the Pollock Station, and first called on Mr. Hamilton there, at the farm named Hamilton. Mr. Cochrane and Mr. Brownlees, millwright, were also visited, and I found them perfectly pleased with their new homes. Mr. Hamilton has recently established a small cheese factory, and it is doing well. His land is fair, good land, without much wood; part of it is sandy, and in windy weather this spreads, but it is a small affair. He is of opinion, pedigree stock at first settling is a mistake, as they require fine pasture and careful attendance, whereas common stock does not, and is quite as successful. I also met a journalist, but forget his name; he was very civil—but all were, and hospitable in every way. This settlement is a success. Rode home by another road through much *ti*-tree and poor land.

I was here told of a gentleman working a school for the benefit of young men in this locality, teaching and doing his best, without looking for

more reward than a poor schoolmaster's salary. He is very nice-looking.

I may mention that somehow the ladies do not seem to like the life here; it is hardly bright enough for them; but the young generation born here know nothing different, and so do not feel it.

In visiting, the usual way is—show the visitor into the best room, lay down a sinfully large rum bottle and a tin of biscuits—then bid you help yourself, and leave the visitor until the meal is completed. Very kind, is it not? but I was introduced. A gentleman's son was cook at one station, and a first-rate one; but somehow mushrooms did not agree with all, and one at least suffered, but he recovered in a few days.

And now the return to Auckland by steamer as before must be endured, and the end of my visit to New Zealand approaches; but what of it, I have seen much, and look forward to my return with great pleasure!

A last look at Manukau Heads, and the long stretches of black iron sand extending for hundreds of miles; long lines of native oysters and long lines of cliffs, and then farewell to Manukau.

Onehunga reached, and back by 'bus to Auckland. A long talk with the postmaster, and much pleasant chat with others. I could wish almost to remain, but that is at present impossible.

Orion is now nearly overhead, but the position is reversed. The Southern Cross is bright, but not so marked as Orion. The comet seen in coming over has disappeared, but my sketch of the heavens will record the facts of the constellations seen.

I feel in Auckland as an old friend, so many places are familiar to me. Yet I have a few days to spare, and resolve to visit Wie-Weira Springs, a settlement about twenty-eight miles from Auckland. The club-room here is quite an institution, and I pass several hours in it daily. I have also to visit the surveyor-general and others before leaving the district. An operatic company from Sydney are in Auckland Opera House, and perform very well. Still, I am a little lonely, and the play helps to pass the evening.

Next morning found me at the harbour, and on board the steamer for Wie Weira.

CHAPTER X.

WIE-WEIRA SPRINGS.

WIE-WEIRA is about three hours' sail from Auckland, lies before you in a pretty bay, well wooded and beautifully situated, with fine white sands and a lovely river running up the country. There is no landing jetty, but the ship's boats take passengers close to the land, and a cart comes out to the boat, so that this primitive method of embarking and landing is the only one available for the visitors to Wie-Weira. Of course, in rough weather, it is not possible to land here, and another station round the coast is used, where a conveyance can be had for the hotel. The bay is, however, so well sheltered that it is seldom a landing cannot be effected. Duckings are however common, and if tourists without change of linen get immersed they have to remain in bed until their clothes are dried. Many are the stories of unlucky visitors drenched and rendered miserable during their residence here. The hotel

is very comfortable, and there are walks and drives in all directions, much fine scenery, and great pleasure during the visit.

The oysters upon the coast here are preserved by a close time, for some months in spring; they are small, what is called rock oysters, are in huge beds and clustering upon the rocks from low-water mark to high-water. I presume they have oyster-beds below the tidal range, but I never met anyone to say if dredging was resorted to or not. I do not think it can be, or some person would have known; and I made every enquiry, but could get no information. The oysters are larger in some places than in others—at high-water they are small, but well out at low-water mark; and in some of the outlying islands they are as large as the ordinary British oyster, say from one to two-and-a-half-inches across. They are very sweet and well tasted, best when eaten at once after opening, without any condiment, such as lemon, pepper, vinegar, or such like. At the bay in front of the hotel they were clustered, say in layers about six inches thick, and over every part of the rocks; they are very roughly shaped. The shell being soft when young they seem to fit themselves naturally to the shape of the rocks to which they attach themselves, so

that those intent upon tasting them have only to provide a screw-driver or some such thing, open them by a gentle pressure at the shell hinge, and there they are—small, plump, well-filled oysters. The quantity is beyond belief, and without moving one yard there are more than could be consumed in a day. Parties of, say, five or six make oyster parties and picnics from the hotel, so that there is much fun and flirtation during the visit to the oyster bed. The outer arms of the bay have several large detached rocks and reefs of rock, and upon such reefs the oyster arrives at much greater size than when near the head of the bay. A boat should be taken with the party, as the walk over the rocks is very tiresome and uncomfortable. There do not appear to be any of the usual mussel-beds of our northern latitudes, and but a scant allowance indeed—I saw none, and very few limpets, oysters only; oysters yards thick, in some cases, and covering every part of the shore.

The fruit, such as peaches, plums, and apples common near the house—apples are not very good, or I saw few specimens; but the ground all round the hotel could be made a splendid garden, and as there is a good public road north and south the fruit trade might be cultivated here with success.

The land in the low ground by the side of the river is rich and level, easily cultivated, and from the crops I saw second to no part of New Zealand.

From Wie-Weira inland the ground rises rapidly, is densely wooded, and there are some good specimens of the Kauri tree, although not so large as further north, where it is untouched by man, and large specimens are continually met with in the forest. A German settlement is situated about four miles north, and a priest delivered a service on Sunday morning and evening. This priest was very active, visiting all the settlements in the vicinity, and seemed to have worked his horse nearly off its feet; it was very unwilling to get along, and required some persuasion to do so.

The place is otherwise thinly populated, and with the exception of an occasional log-house there does not seem any settlement but the one referred to. There is good fishing in the bay and river, and a day's sport may be obtained.

The hotel is a large wooden building, with a great many bedrooms, several well furnished sitting-rooms, dining-room, and so on, with a bar below the hotel, after the American fashion. The baths are about 300 yards away, with a

beautifully shaded path to the same. They consist of a large swimming-bath next the shore, built of stone, and free to the hotel visitors. The water is tepid, and rather dirty-looking, but I understand good for some people. It is easy to swim in, and a capital place for a morning bath, but I found it dreadfully relaxing. The other baths are wooden erections, forming three sides of a square, and are rather primitive; they allow you to get a good wash, rather warm at the hot season, and found them also very relaxing. I was afraid to bathe in the sea, as there are plenty sharks about, and they do turn up when not wanted. The analysis of the baths can always be had at the hotel, and directions will be given for the guidance of anyone with a particular complaint. I do not think there is a medical man attached to the hotel, but from long experience Mr. Graham can give capital advice to bathers how and when to bathe, what baths to take, how often, and so on—as good as most medical advice, because it is from the same data, namely, the actual experience of the effect of the bathing upon the patient; and from what I heard there were very many cures effected at these springs.

The life at such a place is always a lazy one. There is a dance upon Saturday evenings, and any

sort of mild excitement readily gone into at, say, five minutes' notice. Boating, fishing, oyster expeditions, botanical excursions, are of hourly occurrence; and from the beautiful scenery near the place, sketching tropical scenery can be indulged in when the weather is not too hot for out-door amusement.

The geology is purely volcanic, pumice being the prevailing surface, but the sandstone measures are also common from the shore inland. The land between this place and Auckland, when driving by the road, is poor in many places, bearing out the theory that wherever kauri grows the land is bad.

Back by steamer and had a long talk with Mrs. R—ds, Willington, as to the colony. She is afraid that I have received a bad impression, but assure her to the contrary; it is the colonist I do not always take to kindly—the colony I like very much.

With Mr. Russel, who is to be a fellow-passenger to San Francisco, I pass the day; our ideas are pretty nearly alike, but I cannot find out if he is farmer or merchant. Mr. Morrin sees me to the harbour, and my kind companion, Mr. S. Graham, sees me on board; and now, my best wishes to you all, farewell! The screw turns, and the *Zealandia* steams for San Francisco.

The steamer is crowded with passengers, but, alas, I never make many or any friends. I wonder who will speak first, and this continues for many days. Mr. Russel fortunately is at the same table, and keeps me from stagnation; opposite there are also some nice young fellows from Edinburgh, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly from Yorkshire, and others—but no one speaks!

CHAPTER XI.

FROM SYDNEY TO HONOLULU.

A FEW days after leaving Auckland passengers began to make remarks to each other, and perhaps no pleasanter acquaintances were ever made. A judge from Sydney gave infinite fun—endless stories, anecdotes, queer pieces of scandal, and so on. A ship's captain, preparing to meet his owners after sinking his ship, looked far from unhappy! A Yankee cattle agent was, or appeared to be, composed in the last degree; he was sharp as a needle whilst on board ship, always after a bargain—he never came off second-best. A fat man, always staring at the horizon as if he expected land daily, made speeches to a broken deck-chair he carried with him, even refused the Yankee offer of one shilling for it, and months after the voyage bewailed its loss because some of his friends had sat on it, and it served to call up happy memories. The ladies were generally pretty and domestic, but better far than bonnie.

One from Melbourne had a splendid dress, with a long tail. This object of envy—the tail—nothing would induce her to lay aside; and the amount of bad feeling towards her arose, I am certain, more from her dress than her ways. Two young ladies, very pretty, and one very strong, were constantly being flirted with, talked to, and admired; the skill of the younger sister at "tug of war" created infinite fun. The elder ladies were sedate and kindly, and never even talked scandal but in wet weather.

The meeting and dance in the saloon is too serious a matter to be passed over lightly. Everybody has been in love at one time or another of his life, and on board ship is no exception to the time-honoured custom. I do not think love passages on shipboard come to much; time and distance are so cruel and mercenary that it is more than human to expect a fellow to carry his broken heart about with him for ever. Let us, however, hope that some do not readily forget the many soft whispers and the many soft pressures under the confounded awning upon moonlight nights. I never could make out what was really said, but moonlight and whisky do make a fellow declare more than he should, more so when he has a wife and family at home.

The Navigator Islands were reached at night, a gun fired, and a pilot boat came off, with letters, and I think some passengers in it. A large barque was at anchor a short distance off, and the steamer had to avoid her, making short runs as the mail steamer drifted. It was a lovely moonlight night, every object being visible, and almost clear as day; the black shadows of the islands shining far into the dark water, and the rockets discharged lighting up the nearer vessels.

Crossed the Equator about three in the afternoon. After dark, Neptune, his wife, and attendants came on board, with two knights on horseback; the visit lasted over two hours, to the music of an accordion and sweet voices. I trust the story of Neptune forms a portion of the subject for examination in passing seamen. It may be beneath the notice of the examiners, but certainly should not be—some matters are unnecessary, but not the story of the sea-god for seamen. Dancing in the evening much appreciated.

Honolulu was reached on the Sunday, and landing at once prepared for. The approach to the harbour was beautiful beyond description. The smooth, deep blue water, the rocky island, with its wonderful green margin and palm trees, next the sea; the red volcanic or dark brown rocks; the white

villas of the planters, with their groves of palms or bananas, made these villas seem each a little paradise. The shore line was studded with palm groves, and the richest of green spots next the golden sand. Now and again a missionary station, known by the steeple, appeared on the shore; altogether the approach was very lovely.

Landed, the scene changed at once. A black beast of a driver, with two wretched horses and shabby cab, asked $4 for a drive round the town; but, when all walked off, it was reduced to $2 by another, and accepted. The first visit was of course to the post-office—a good, brick building, plastered over and white-washed. The most lovely palms grow everywhere in the town, hanging over the street, and giving glorious shade from the hot sun. Various public buildings were passed, all alike of brick, white-washed and plastered; the streets perfectly level, and generally clean, but dusty. One large church was crowded all round the enclosure, for a great ceremony was going on. The king's brother had died, and was being buried with royal honours. The soldiers—smart-looking men in white trousers, blue coats, and shakos—carried the coffin to the church, and then to the grave, the bands playing splendidly—in fact music seems the "forte" of the dark-skins.

The Honolulu ladies were all in pure white; their hair combed out straight down the back; no waists to their dresses, but hung from the shoulders, and certainly for comfort and elegance they were above anything I have ever seen; graceful in movement, these belles swung themselves along magnificently. The gentlemen were dressed in European costume, with straw hats decked with parrot feathers, beautifully woven to form bands round each hat; generally coats and vests, the same as in provincial towns in Britain, being the common get-up; of course, cheap jewellery in the shape of watches, rings upon the fingers and in the ears, completed the picture of a Honolulu swell.

The people behaved well—no drunkenness, good behaviour always: the father, mother and children making a group: the young men and the young women at the old, old story—black shining, pretty brown, or nice black faces everywhere; no white faces but at the hotel windows, and there the white faces had long glasses and ice and some coloured compound, and came down the hotel steps all in a lump, with red faces and very noisy remarks.

The hotel is a wonderful one. Here, in a savage town with what we in Britain think a savage population, there is a splendid hotel, with splendid rooms—large, airy, cool and well furnished, with

fine plants, shrubbery, and all that can make a hotel comfortable; splendid table, good service, lady clerk at the desk, everything good; no sea-port I know of has a more complete one, although many Scotch hotels are really comfortable; and this to in the South Pacific Ocean! It would have required several days to visit the burning mountain at Hawaii, so this had to be dispensed with.

There is a great amount of low land next the sea, where rice and sugar were being cultivated. The road lies along the coast, reminding me very much of Colombo, with villas of the same class, very neatly kept in most cases, and all with palms and bananas at every corner; grand flowers of which I knew not the names—aloes, cactus, and so on, making the main road perfectly splendid. The roads leading from the main one, go at right angles up to the hills, and this seems the universal custom in all colonies to lay off the land in square blocks. The hills are wooded far up and divided into farms, each with its neat farm-house and compound. The ditches have the water pumped up and used for irrigation. Large windmills for pumping water occur frequently, the system of irrigation used is simple but effective. Away from the lower or main road, up towards the hills, the

stations have less carefully devised farm arrangements, but equally effective for working the land. The animals seem good of their kind, well fed and well cared for.

The king has a bathing-house erected in the harbour overlooking the quays. To this he frequently retires, and when there are many large vessels in the harbour it must be a source of pleasure to him. There is a patent slip, with good jetty accommodation, custom-house, hundreds of shops, and the usual amount of touters for different steam-boat routes, all shouting as you land from the vessel. There appears to be a good deal of shipping—small craft coasters to San Francisco, steamers and schooners for the different islands of the South Pacific. No tourist need want opportunities to visit anywhere within fifty or one hundred miles of this, as there are weekly steam-boats to San Francisco and the islands, so that he may spend a month exploring or speculating in land, should he so incline. But the land cannot be sold readily, if at all, and the price is beyond the usual money paid for such, so he will be obliged to take up what appears a long lease of another speculator, or go to less favoured spots. Sugar is the great speculation at present, and of course liable to be overdone.

Leprosy is common, and this is one of the terrible scourges of the place; all affected are bound to leave for a living tomb, an island set aside for this purpose. A story was told me, how a gentleman on the island, suspecting he had caught the disease, obtained correct information, and at once left, without returning to his family even to say farewell—the dread of contagion is so great. Leprosy here is generally supposed to be hereditary, so that all precautions are taken to prevent its spreading.

The charm of the Pacific Ocean with its coral islands, palm trees, and golden sand enters largely into romance; also stories of Captain Kidd, Every, and other blackguards of a low type—and how they hid the treasure in these islands taken from many unfortunate ships.

To those who never sailed upon it, have never seen its islands or its inhabitants, the chances of locating themselves in this paradise, and spending the remainder of life there, is a fond dream, but the reality a delusion and a snare; it would be rudely dispelled by the first rough water, and the anything but romantic natives met with in actually sailing over these seas, or amongst its islands.

Nothing can be more dreadful than the chances of shipwreck here. Out of the usual course of vessels, and the dread of not being taken off would

certainly lead to loss of reason in a short time. The golden coral sand, the low booming of the breaking swell on the shore, the endless blue sea seen from day to day, makes the loneliness and monotony dreadful to those who have experienced this phase of life.

Treasures have been hid upon those islands by pirates; and there is not a town or whisky bar on the Australian coast where stories are not retailed. Expeditions have been fitted out of all descriptions, from a canoe with two men to the steamer of 1000 tons, to search for such buried treasures, with varied success, but somehow they rarely bear fruit.

The traditions have certainly much to contend with. The difficulty of a fixed point to measure from, the chances of the place being covered with sand and utterly obliterated, makes the risk of finding buried treasure very great. Again, they are mixed up with the supernatural, and, however, ridiculous it may appear, one man on a shallow flat after dark gets uneasy—"skeerd," as the Americans call it, and apt to get frightened after sundown; so the treasure fever passes away from him, more so if the provisions fail; and he returns from where he left a sadder and a wiser man. So ta-ta to the Pacific Ocean romance. Recommend me rather to life in 'Frisco—rougher, less romantic, but infinitely better.

CHAPTER XII.

SAN FRANCISCO.

AT last all are on board ship, the warps are thrown off, the last straggler comes off in a shore boat, the steam ceases roaring, and steadily we glide into the clear blue night. A struggling ray of moonlight, a few flashes of lightning, and a heavy rain-storm close the evening—the vessel rushes into horrible darkness, and shortly all are in their berths, the day's proceedings forgotten, except by the restless lot in the smoking-room over cards.

We now come to Thursday evening, March 20th, when "the entertainment of the voyage" was given: "*A Grand Mask and Fancy Dress Ball.*" It has been our good fortune to witness many fancy dress balls, both on board ship and on shore, and in all climes, in which cases the time allowed for preparation has been at least a fortnight. For this ball, on the contrary, the dresses were all prepared within two days, and never on shipboard —rarely on shore—have we seen a more varied or elegant display of costumes.

On this occasion the captain had one-half of the saloon entirely cleared for the dancers, even to taking down the swinging racks, and the ball-room thus formed was beautifully decorated and draped with flags, bunting, and Chinese lanterns.

The maskers were introduced at 8.30 P.M., and after promenading around for some time, each trying to recognise his neighbour (for the costumes had been kept strictly secret), dancing was commenced. At 10 P.M. masks were removed, and the regular programme of dances was begun. Supper was served in excellent style at midnight, and after a long interval of conviviality and a few speeches, dancing was resumed and kept up till three A.M.

One feature of sea-life is, that most people make poetry, turn romantic, and so on; if not sick, it is better they should do so: it is quite harmless. One of the amusements on board the *Zealandia* is a newspaper, and I, as editor of the thing, received constant papers; many are very clever and funny, others so personal and rude they cannot be published. I now give a specimen song, but am ignorant of the author.

"D'ye ken that girl with the eyes so bright,
The one that you saw at the hop last night;
'Twas four by the clock, and dawning light,
When you turned in this morning.

"It is pleasant, I know, though the flesh is weak,
Through the powdered hair when the glance you seek:
And blushes rise o'er a dimpled cheek,
Like the first faint flush of the morning.

"D'ye ken how fiz and sherry agree,
With a dash of whisky twenty-five O. P.;
D'ye ken how it is when you mix all three,
That your eyes look weak in the morning.

"D'ye ken, my boy, what a fair thing is,
For if you don't let me tell you this:
'Tis time that this girl had your parting kiss,
And hooks was your cry in the morning.
S. D. *alias* PEELETE."

On Sunday the 24th it blew very hard, and the ship rolled dreadfully. About mid-day, a large vessel passed quite close to the steamer; most of the passengers made an effort to get upon the hurricane deck, and several ladies did so, at the expense of a drenching. The scene was terrible. It appeared as if the vessel would never come from the depth; she seemed to be below the steamer. About five in the evening land was sighted—a long, low coast, and this was the approach to the Golden Gate; gradually the land showed sandy and bare with high hills, and then darkness closed all round. A gun was fired for a pilot, who came off from a schooner in a boat, and accomplished a seemingly dangerous voyage to the steamer.

San Francisco appeared one blaze of lamps in the darkness, stretching over a large space. The town and bay are surrounded with islands, but no person was permitted to land until the morning. When the doctor came on board and had given a clean bill of health then the ship was permitted to reach the quay. The bay is most beautiful, all the land fertile, green, and really most lovely. The distant hills or mountains form a splendid background, stretching away towards the north. This is the famous Golden Gate of San Francisco, and it is well named.

In the bay are several hundred ships, generally three-masters, of large tonnage; the quays have one long, continuous line of ships—steamers, sailing ships, and the smaller coasting craft, all stowed as closely as they possibly can be stowed. The landing in the custom-house shed is attended with all the annoyances of custom-house red tape. Touters from every hotel in the city shout at the pitch of their voices, and pitch their cards to you; they wish your keys to pass the customs officers—but no one is likely to give this mark of confidence to men never seen before. Two hours is the usual time, and then you get to the Palace or some such hotel, enter your name, hang about for an hour or two, and then your luggage appears —baggage is the name for such in America.

This hanging about the lobby of an American hotel is really very pleasant. You meet people from every quarter of the globe, and you are certain to meet acquaintances that you had utterly forgot, or that you supposed thousands of miles away. In America everybody gets an introduction from the hotel-keeper, or ship's captain, or head-waiter, and these to people most unlikely to accept of such an introduction. I brought mine home simply as a bundle of curiosities. The two hours' waiting allows you a look into the shop windows, to be addressed by several "scalpers," who wish you to go by their route of railway, as the very best, cheapest and quickest under the sun; and, sinking their voices, warn you against the men on the opposite side of the road, who will endeavour to sell you a ticket, without informing you that there was a wash-out on their line last week, and it might be weeks or months before you would reach your destination—all of which information receive with a look of the deepest confidence, but do not readily act upon it. The "scalper" body have ever been to me "deceitful and desperately wicked."

Now the two hours' waiting for luggage makes you hungry, and you feel dirty and uncomfortable somehow until you get your baggage.

Lots of black waiters—so nice, civil and obliging, make you wish the baggage had not come forward, but there it is, with several hundred portmanteaus away on to the hoist. You take your seat and get elevated to bedroom No. 943, with a brass key, a basin stand, bath-room, and all you can desire inside the same apartment; get in to your clean duds, what is called "fixed up," then down to the lunch room, or out on the street with an idea in your head that you have travelled a great way, but somehow have never got beyond a back street close to your own office in London.

The tramways first attract attention; they are nearly all worked by the wire rope system, and are after several years' trial doing well. The streets are very steep sometimes, yet up they run, smoothly and safely, to their destination. The guards and brakesmen are in the middle of the car, and they look forward and seem anxious as to the passengers. Few accidents occur, and the saving in horses and in time is very great. A tram-car took us to the railway station for Lisk House or Ocean House, where the seals or sea lions form the object of attraction.

The greater portion of the ground passed over was absolute desert—sand, clean blown sand, no

plants; no shrubs, no water, simple desert, and this until the station at Lisk House was reached. It was very neat, very clean, quite a contrast to many Scotch stations. A steep road, cut through rock, leads to the hotel—a wooden erection, very much off the plumb, leaning over so much that you think it must topple into the sea some day; two verandahs, one over the other, form galleries from which the sea and the sea-lions may be observed. Two Mexican lions, spotted like leopards, are tied to stakes opposite the hotel; they are quite tame but look dangerous. Inside the hotel is very nice, fitted all over with mirrors, painted and gilded splendidly; waiters are at the bar, and every drink you can think of comes as if by magic. I have a cream punch, and certainly do now, upon thinking of it, wish I had another.

Pass, stranger, pass into the balcony; look at the sea-lions tumbling over each other, sleeping or climbing. Yes, without anything beyond their fins they climb to the very top of a high rock—occasionally missing their hold they roll back into the sea, but generally get up again. The rock is covered with them, no vacant spaces—as close as mites upon cheese. No one is allowed to shoot or molest them,—a very wise precaution, otherwise a few months would see the

end of this really interesting collection of sea-lions.

A new hotel and railway station are being being built here; one of these a handsome erection of wood, but not finished sufficiently to judge of its final appearance. There are great numbers of visitors here. Of course, no bathing, because of the sharks; but visitors loll about and get the fresh sea air; carry a small basket, and enjoy the open air in a rational manner. Some walk to the top of the hill and get a fine view, others keep along shore, but all enjoy themselves.

On the way to the seal rocks there is a large public park formed in the midst of the desert. Trees are planted likely to grow in such a soil with indigenous woods. The roads are very nicely laid off, but through sand; no hard bottom at present. In this park any afternoon there may be seen hundreds of buggies driving, Rotten Row fashion on a big scale, with notorious American citizens who have either made many dollars or have more than usually handsome wives or daughters, which they wish settled in life (I mean the daughters). It is very cheerful for a little while, and then the dreadful silence again settles down upon the huge space of uninhabited country.

The best view of San Francisco is, I think,

from Observatory Hill. There is no observatory but a museum of curiosities; this is being rebuilt, and will appear next season with many additions, and no doubt be very attractive. The splendid harbour of San Francisco lies at your feet; the opposite coast called "Saucelito," or "Oaklands," with its rising town, the wharves studded for miles with vessels, sometimes two and three deep, opposite the lower portion of the town; then the hills in the distance with tremendous precipices, or sloping to the cultivated land; the very remarkably clear atmosphere, by which everything seems drawn close to you makes this hill the first place to be visited. Again, it at once gives you an idea of the town and how it lies; so you face the map easily and can readily find what is most pressing, or of most consequence to the visitor.

The harbour is defended by a battery, and there are large barracks facing the Golden Gate; there are also defences on several of the islands, but, wisely, no such affairs on the vacant ground next the town. There are many public buildings, such as the Exchange, but the hotels seem to surpass all other institutions. Beyond these there are few buildings of any prominence. The suburbs have a great many good country-houses, tea-gardens,

etc.; and the desert on the south side of the town has been planted with wood, and it is likely, with some attention, these plants may grow to good timber, and make the outskirts of the city in this direction the best part of San Francisco.

The streets are the worst paved I have yet seen in America; the side-walks generally of wood, but at the Palace Hotel side-walks are properly laid of granite. The Chinese quarter of the town is generally visited as a great curiosity. The streets are of course badly paved, and the side-walks very bad; the shops are singularly like those of any Chinese town in the Flowery Land—no display in the windows; the name hung from a square block, or coloured board, at the door, or in the window or door-posts. Inside they at once understand what is required. For a splendid yellow bed-quilt, about twelve feet square, embroidered with dragons, etc., £40 was asked, and no abatement; curious Chinese or Japanese figures, pipes, or shoes—all moderate, occasionally.

The theatre is in one of the side streets, with music very unlike what we of the Christian faith consider such. The play goes on for ever; it is curious in itself, noisy and incomprehensible to most people: it should be visited, perhaps at night. There are opium-smoking slums, where

all the inmates are stupefied; but there are attendants who carefully see to their recovery. These underground apartments are not edifying, and may be avoided without loss. The Chinese ladies have beautiful white kid slippers and kid stockings, making their feet charming beyond anything their sisters in Britain can understand; these should be seen, and a wrinkle as to this matchless piece of dress taken, and perhaps adopted. Their faces are exactly the same as drawn upon the penny fans sold everywhere. Books, baskets, and curios, may be obtained for a small sum,—but purchase a silk dress and cap, or even a plain dress and trousers, with shoes to match, before the Celestial becomes a Christian in dress, which he is rapidly doing. The American dress is seen everywhere, the Chinese costume, now gradually dying out, looks nice and clean. Mice, rats, and such things are never now eaten except by the very poor, and then only when nothing else is obtainable. All food with the Chinese is simply the same as for the American citizens.

Paid the bill at the Palace Hotel for six days—very moderate, $24. I hope it was the correct one. This hotel must have one word before leaving. It is very nicely conducted, with simply

perfect arrangements; grand staircases at several parts, the rooms generally face a large internal square, with pillars forming galleries all round such squares; then each bedroom has all conveniences—bath, wash-hand-basin, etc.; gas laid on and water-hose in case of fire. The rooms open upon the above inner gallery, so you can visit your friends nicely at any hour, day or evening. A band plays several nights in the week in the square or court, so you have lots of amusement for your money. The under floor was inspected, and the following is a poor description of the same:—The laundry, with washing arrangements of the most modern kind, the clothes being generally boiled, not beaten to pieces; then dried by being swung round at an incredible rate in a moderate-sized vessel—this takes out all the moisture; then dried in a heated chamber; then beautifully ironed and served up on a neat dish, each bundle tied with pink string, etc., as if out of a shop and again new. Inside a cellar you find ices being prepared from crude ice to perfect shapes, all colours, but kept cool of course until required. Then a splendid kitchen—the bill of fare being prepared for hundreds; chickens by dozens, fish by hundreds, the soup artistically simmering on hot plates; a chef never

taking his eyes off the dish; and so on. Then the stores of jellies, the heaps of jelly shapes, carefully kept store-rooms—nothing wasted; all clean to the very letter. Lastly, a sixty-horse power engine pumping water, or ready to do so, the instant a fire is announced anywhere—all giving a strange confidence in the place as the best possible hotel. There are several other hotels, but none this size, although most comfortable in their arrangements.

There are the usual railway arrangements, and touters of all kinds. These men may in some cases be trusted, but follow my advice, trust them as little as possible.

By one of the peculiarities common in America the scenery and the country are regarded as of no consequence; the almighty dollar, and way of making it, are alone worthy of thought, so you have to travel all night, and there is no escape. However, by carefully arranging your journey you may sleep at a roadside station, or depôt, and thus have the day for travelling, or observation. I have followed this system through a great portion of the States, but it requires much inquiry; book your baggage well forward on the journey, and carry only a hand-bag—this being the primary arrangement.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SALT LAKE CITY.

WE crossed from San Francisco to Oaklands in a large steamer, with all sorts of galleries round her; this makes a fellow pray for good weather, as the top-heavy appearance of the vessel may not belie the fact, and the vessel may actually turn over; it was however very nice and comfortable, no rushing for luggage, all came to hand.

The scenery from 'Frisco to Sacramento City is most beautiful, the land is low and seemingly liable to floods, but the finest pasture imaginable—long and rich grass, miles of meadows, and the grand mountains, covered with snow to the north, close the landscape.

The Sacramento River is crossed in a large steamboat, carrying train and passengers; the steamer has a bar for the sale of tea, coffee, or sandwiches—all very cheap and good. The fine low-lying ground continues to the city of Sacramento, but there are many good stations all along the line

of railroad. Such land is worth in England £150 per acre. Here it is worth three or four dollars, and nearly all sold. It appears well occupied, so the price must be above this figure. After crossing the Sacramento River by steamboat the railway gradually rises above the sea level until there is reached an erection of houses, all of lumber, I think, Marysville. After leaving this station the engines puffed very much indeed, the pace is slow, and passengers gradually disappear, as the night is cold and very dark.

Sacramento City is 150 miles from San Francisco, and contains 20,000 inhabitants. The buildings are more of wood than usual, and there are many fine hotels. The valley is celebrated for its beauty, and there have been many rushes here when gold-mining was more thought of than now. Lumber seems the staple commodity, and mining a second-rate occupation; agriculture, grazing, wine-growing, all occupy their respective stations here, and are largely represented by great wealth and many beautiful country mansions outside the city. The stay was short.

And now the stars peep out from a cloudless sky, the sun sinks to rest in a blaze of rose pink and green; each piece of water reflects the deep sky colour; deep and dark purple

shadows close the edges, and everything is at rest but the everlasting panting of the engine, now rising into the Sierras of Nevada. The snow-covered mountains are upon every side, black precipices startle you everywhere. The pine trees appear wonderfully thin and small. I presume the larger have been cut down for sleepers and huts or snow sheds. No wild animal appears, all the same tame mountain and black rocks. The stars shine out in the clear darkness, but no brighter than in our own land, neither do they twinkle with the energy shown in frosty nights at home. I am in this disappointed, as the accounts given of the great globes of fire shining in the heavens are nowhere realised. Now and again the train rushes into darkness. This is a snow shed, and of such you have various lengths the whole night through. Some are only a few hundreds of yards long, others extend for miles; one is given out as twenty-eight miles long; altogether there are reported forty miles of such erections in the crossing. These sheds are of the simplest construction, merely a rough wooden boarded roof and sides.

The land is poor and stony after leaving the summit, and the streams roll over small water-worn stones for many miles; but the place is well-peopled until we come to Truckee, then a

curious change takes place—a depôt or station, called Reno, looms into view, with a tower or façade, or what is intended for such, making it very prominent in the landscape.

Breakfast over, a number of Indians gathered upon the platform. They were the first of the tribe "Comanche" I had seen. One of the squaws had a baby tied to a board, and slung to her back The little thing had large fine eyes, and a chubby face—smiled and was pleasant. Their tent was close to the station, and formed one of many. The men looked lazy, but the females were not so; they sold baskets and moccasins; and all smoked without ceasing. The change I adverted to above, was that the ground was now nothing but sand, sand, sand. This was water-worn into terraces, with a water-shed mark out and in, over the whole country. The rocks crop up and form small hillocks; but a short undulation goes over all the land, say, 300 feet or so high; but far into the distance goes the water-shed miles and miles away; whilst southward the same runs on until blue water is reached, many miles from the railway. This is the commencement of the lakes leading to Salt Lake City. The extreme distance has hard sand hills, and some very high blue mountains close to the southward landscape.

Through this grow sage bushes—short and dark-green, or whitish when near alkaline ground. The alkaline soil is everywhere; the rocks black and very desolate, very like the sides of the Red Sea, but more sand, level land, and water-shed marked sand-beds.

The distance over which this land of desolation spreads is many hundreds of miles long, some say 700 miles. The land can all be cultivated by irrigation; and as several large fresh water streams cross the railway it is only a question of some time. This desert has a strange charm for me. I felt the same when Western Australia was first seen. The solemn silence, the complete removal from all appearance of cultivation or of civilisation makes it a perfect land of desolation. Horses are however seen far in the distance and some tents—so, I presume there are watered portions of the land giving some scanty pasture. The depôts or stations here are small, rough boxes, with an occasional tank or barrel mounted to hold water.

At Hot Springs there are several medicinal wells, the cold air making each spring send forth quite a large cloud of smoke far into the distance; but there is no hotel or shelter whatever for visitors. These I imagine will ultimately take up their locations also, and from the great height

above the sea it must be very healthy. More lakes, blue and beautiful, stretching into the sandy distance far away until the eye can only trace them as a cloud.

The dark, solemn mountain with its water-worn sides gradually shows signs of cultivation. Enclosures are now seen, and gradually the landscape has a house, an enclosure, a few sheep and cattle, a stray female at the door, and the town of Ogden appears before us. The mountains are very rough and very high, with great fissures, very steep, and seemingly unclimbable: but I see tracks up the valleys, and the snow-capped peaks show regular canyons at their base; and there are many signs to show that the Rocky Mountains are accessible by roads and tracks, and that these lead into their midst. Ogden is of course a wooden town, has 5000 inhabitants, and is regularly divided into squares. There seems a busy mining population, with an agricultural population surrounding it.

The depôt has very few buildings. There is a refreshment-room, a luggage store, and a few necessary adjuncts; but oh, ever so little comfort! The background of bare rocks makes it perfectly desolate, and very miserable. To the south the lovely blue of Salt Lake is now seen, with snow-clad peaks of mountains in the distance;

men working small enclosures of land; land ploughed, with small handfuls of hay; small sheds for byres or horse accommodation—everything on the wretched platform, but tidy and orderly—only "pinched" is the word. Another railway runs about 100 yards from the one we are travelling upon. There are telegraph poles, and signal posts all the same; but we are upon a narrow-guage line, the other is the broad-guage. The distance from Ogden to Salt Lake City is twenty-eight miles. This is soon gone over. Then smelting works with long chimney-stalks, black smoke, and other signs of a mineral country appear everywhere, also far, very far into the distance; and then Salt Lake City Depôt is reached.

It is Sunday, but we get into a rattle-trap affair; pass through lines of palings, and neat small wooden sheds of houses, with rows of straight, stiff-looking enclosures, until White House Hotel is reached, when a wash is allowed; then breakfast or lunch.

Salt Lake City certainly appeared very nice on Sunday morning, 30th March 1884. The 'bus was crowded, and at last baggage and passengers were laid down at White House Hotel. A walk after breakfast to the Church of the Holy City was the first duty. The service was being conducted by

some twenty very ordinary-looking old men—say, from thirty-five to fifty-five years of age; all sitting in front of the congregation upon a raised platform. It was communion, and the elders were tearing bread down into very small pieces before the congregation. The wine was water. Several very nice hymns were sung by very plain-looking young ladies, mostly of the shop-girl or factory class. All seemed very serious, and the sermon, tone of voice and arrangements were so like a Scotch Presbyterian church that if I had not known where I was, would have thought myself in Dundee or Aberdeen—so like in dress, manner and behaviour was the congregation in this church to these districts.

The building in which worship is at present conducted is intended for Gothic, but it is very poor in design or execution; built of white or grey granite, and not nearly finished; what is completed is good, dry and substantial, and must have cost a lot of dollars. It is able to accommodate 1500 people, or more at present.

The old temple is circular, like an inverted boat, seated to accommodate many thousands, some say five. The Tabernacle, as it is called, has wonderful acoustic powers, so that a pin falling is actually heard all over the building—of course I mean a rolling-pin.

The unfinished temple is also of grey granite, Gothic in design. It has been thirty years building, but there is a great deal to do to it yet, and it may be many years before it is finished.

Brigham Young's former mansions are still occupied by his widows. The Bee Hive and Lion House are of brick, and surrounded by high walls. Most of the other houses are however within nice enclosures with gardens, and appeared very comfortable.

There are several handsome houses belonging to merchants and others in the town. The streets are well-paved, and brick buildings are gradually supplanting the wooden erections common all through the States.

There is a fort immediately above the town, with nine brass cannons in position pointing at the town, and about one half-mile from it. There are also 600 troops in the barracks, but no fortification, or what might be construed into a fortification. The public road passes through the officers' quarters, and the whole place appears like an ordinary camp.

Looking from this fort, the town has all the appearance of an industrious settled location, with no special manufacture or employment beyond what their own wants create.

The people do not appear in any way different from ordinary American citizens, in manners, conduct, or otherwise. One man, a shoemaker, repaired my hand-bag and gave me his experiences. He had one wife and declined having any more, although pressed to do so by the Mormon brethren. He had long worked for the body, but did not seem impressed with them. I thought he was rather unfavourable.

The young Bishop of the district has—I forget how many wives, but it sounded like thirty.

The houses were very neat and very comfortable. Those I went inside were readily shown me; they were neat, clean, and all seemed very happy. Dreadful stories are however told openly of crimes committed both before the settlement and now.

All the inhabitants seem industrious, but this is nothing; all through the States the same may be said of any town.

Railway tickets are openly sold in the railway company's offices on the Sunday, and I did not remark this in any other town in America.

The Ensign Peak at the back of the town affords a splendid view of the district. There are canyons all through these spurs of mountains and one called the Emigration Canyon is de-

scribed as that from which the Mormons had their first view of their desert territory.

There are hot springs close to the lake, and splendid bathing in the lake itself, although alkaline in taste, and as bad as the ocean.

The Wasatch Mountains form the north side of the lake and of the town, giving a splendid background, whilst away in the distance the high chimneys on the plain indicate where smelting is carried on to a large extent.

There is more mining in the Utah district than in all the United States together, and at present mining seems one of the principal industries of this Rocky Mountain district.

The whole district may be described as a plain covered with an alkaline deposit, and by irrigation this is found to be capable of great fertility.

CHAPTER XIV.

SALT LAKE CITY TO DENVER.

AFTER leaving Salt Lake City, Lake Utah and Provo City is reached. The ground is still desert, presenting little to attract attention beyond deep gorges and sage bush in the deserts, until the castle gate canyon is reached.

This is a huge rock of red granite at the entrance to Price River Canyon, having the appearance of a castle. Down this valley there is one continuous succession of canyons, until Lower Price Crossing is reached at the Green River, where there is a high bridge at the canyon. Thence to Montrose the country traversed is very mountainous, canyons following each other in close succession; poorly peopled, with any amount of ground capable of raising the greatest flocks possible. This part of America offers to anyone with little money, accustomed to a country life, acquainted with the rearing and breeding of animals, every facility for making an independent fortune.

The ground around Montrose has a considerable

amount of wood, and is also part of the Uncompahgre Valley and Plateau; well adapted for sheep or cattle ranches, and forming part of the great divide of this part of the continent. There is a large amount of irrigation carried on here, although but yet in its infancy.

From Montrose Junction to Gunnison, a distance of ninety-five miles, the line of railway follows the course of the Gunnison River and the Black Canyon.

A new country may always be traced from the nomenclature of the district. America has had a wonderfully energetic body of men in it, and when passing the Green River some of the names are curious, as the following will show. Looking from Green River southwards, there is pointed out the Dirty Devil Mountains. Northwards you have the Roan or Book Mountains. Now the Indian names are very beautiful, and perhaps the United States Government, when making a survey of the sold lands, may obliterate many of the names now absolutely ludicrous.

The approach to this canyon was through snow about six inches deep, lying all over the district, the rocks on each side of the canyon rising perfectly perpendicular from the river side, say 500 or 600 feet high. The valleys cutting across each

portion of the canyon were short in length, seldom more than one quarter of a mile in length, dividing as it were the canyon into short spaces; the rocks were perfectly black, or red and black primary rock; the stream in the bottom of the canyon was about thirty feet broad, and from one to five feet in depth. This terrific gorge was, say, thirty miles long; the sides occasionally covered with pine wood, oak or underwood, giving the valley a trace of colour all along the canyon. Although I was in a carriage at the end of the train we could seldom see many yards in front of or behind the train, the curves were so very sharp and frequent. The plate-layers' wooden houses occasionally appeared, perched high up on the top of some detached piece of rock, where the valley was open; this spoke volumes, showing that the river rose much above its ordinary level, and that the rocks above did fall down occasionally. The works along the line were heavy, when a point of rock had to be removed bodily or tunnelled for a passage. At last, this canyon was passed, the valley became wider, but still the shape of the rocks indicated the canyon, and hemmed in the valley, although wider than near the summit. The rocks now rose clear from the plains, forming the bottom of the valleys, and appeared about

200 feet of solid perpendicular rock at the top, and about 500 or 600 feet of débris from the rock to the bottom. There was no wood now, only the dreary canyons stretching far into the distance, telling tales of adventure in passing from the top of the canyon to the bottom; the miles of searching for passes to the upper prairies from the valleys below; and the long and dangerous looking for a passage out of the valley before such could be found, making the company of any known hunter of the district a matter for the highest reward, and an absolute necessity to the safety of the party exploring the canyon. It was quite a relief now to pass from this district into more open country, until Gunnison was reached.

Gunnison, or the City of Gunnison, as it is called, is situated in the centre of a rich mining district. There are also steel mines and smelting works, and in the distance, about a mile from the station, a huge bright-red hotel.

The people at the station were of the usual type of American citizens, dressed anyhow, generally bent on business, and with that look of intense anxiety peculiar to newly-found places.

The bottom of the valley here has some very good land, and although the mountains are very rocky, the pasture is excellent.

Far in the distance to the north are the great Elk Mountains; in front, to the east of us, the mountains of the Toll Gate Pass, with sidings marked and numbered as such; we have passed to this point through the westmost portion of the Rocky Mountains. I should mention that at the crossing of Green River, after leaving the Castle canyon, far away to the south the great mountains of the Colorado canyon are seen, and this same Green River forms the upper portion of the great canyon of the Colorado.

The railway now ascends to the Toll Gate Pass, towards Salida, and the pace is now much lessened. The snow is lying about a foot deep; the wood is very poor, but occasionally great sticks do crop up, and the snow-sheds extending across the mouths of valleys show what might be expected in dead winter. These snow-sheds are simply open timber erections, with sides and roof covered with rough boarding, so that the snow does not block the line up. There are a great number of such sheds across this district, with various arrangements, such as open palings, to save the expense of a shed, and in some cases these seem effective. By this time the great continental divide has been passed, and by a series of traverses on the hillside, the railway descends from a height of 10,857 feet above the sea, to the level of Salida.

The train is here frequently half out of sight in passing curves, and these appear both sharp and dangerous.

Salida is now reached. It is in the bottom of a large flat valley, the roads being laid out in beautiful straight lines for miles, and the western prairies are seen as far as the eye can reach.

The branch for Leadville leaves from Salida, and one or two other short branches to the hot springs, but the great point from here is the entrance to the great canyon of the Arkansas.

The rocks rise almost perpendicular at the Royal Gorge, until 2000 feet above the bed of the river; the river itself being only ten or twelve yards wide at the bottom. Along this narrow pass the railway threads its way, and no words can describe this terrific gorge down which the passengers are run. It is said that the stars can be seen in open day from some parts of this canyon, but of this I cannot say, as at the entrance the train jumped off the rails, shot me out, broke my ribs, and otherwise rendered this grand canyon of the Arkansas a place I will not forget for some time—reminding me of the American citizen in similar circumstances, who was heard saying, when going over a cliff, "If Congress intends doing anything, now is the time." I received quite enough of damages,

but very little compensation from the Rio Grande and Denver Railway Company.

I was carried on to Numa's Hotel in Pueblo, and left there by my fellow-passengers under the belief that I would never survive; however, I have got better, and have to thank the three coloured citizens in Numa's Hotel, and the nurse, for their kind treatment.

I guess the air of that city (Pueblo) is conducive to mending bones, and I would recommend with confidence Numa's Hotel to any one travelling in that district, for kindness and moderate charges.

There are two capital doctors in the town, and I bitterly regret having mislaid the cards with their names. I certainly shall never forget one of the doctors saying, "Look up, man, there's Pike's Peak." I couldn't for the life of me open my eyes, but ultimately I was able to enjoy the appearance of Pike's Peak as well as anyone.

Pueblo contains 10,000 people. Two railways have a joint station—namely, the Aitchison, Tobeka, and Santa Fe and Rio Grande Railway. It is quite a large station, with ample offices and accommodation for business.

There is a good hospital under the charge of the sisters of mercy, who go about in their usual

dress, each looking like a sister or relation of her neighbour.

I did not test the hospital, as I was able to be removed to Denver in eight days.

The streets of Pueblo are as usual badly paved, but the climate being very dry and the soil all sand and sage bush, the roads never retain moisture on the surface beyond a few hours.

There is a large lunatic asylum with forty inmates; the female portion of the wards is detached from the other portion of the building, and there are twenty patients. They are well taken care of, and this surprises me a good deal, as in this country attendance is very expensive, difficult to obtain, and in many cases not to be had for love or money.

There are tramway cars in all the main streets; there are also many Chinese washermen, with their clean, tidy ways.

This is also the centre of a great mining district. The smelting works cover all the outskirts of the town, and everything is black and gritty from smoke. There is an abundant supply of water and coal, so that the works are fully occupied; most of the buildings are of brick and very few of timber.

The Rocky Mountains seem quite close to the

town, although twenty miles from it; they rise abruptly in great rocky masses, fading into deep blue colour, with a considerable amount of wood sprinkled through them. The town is well lit by electricity; and I can see a huge mob marching past with a brass band, the men have all sticks, the leading men eat bananas, they shout and sing in praise of the elected candidate, and then quietly disperse.

To-day, April 10th, the railway company have sent a special train to bring me up to Denver, and I leave Pueblo with great regret. I certainly received more genuine kindness from strangers than ever I expected to receive in America.

The plain from Pueblo to Denver is simply sand desert, with buffalo grass and sage bush covering it. The grass is decayed and there is little bright verdure in the early summer months; there is a large amount of irrigation commencing here, and extending as far as Denver.

The railway passes through this plain, crossing and re-crossing various streams. As these streams have only sand for their sides it is very difficult to keep them in their channels; this causes much anxiety to the engineer of the works. And now one word about Colorado Springs, on the road up to Denver.

In front of the hotel there is a large, handsome artificial lake, laid out for effect; the hotel itself is a sort of mixture of the cottage architecture of the present day with a certain amount borrowed from the reign of Queen Anne. The colouring of the building is very pleasing, and the interior all that could be desired in a hotel.

Manitou is five miles from the Colorado Springs, at the foot of Pike's Peak, and this district forms what is called "The Garden of the gods." The springs are hot and of great service in rheumatic complaints. A railway is being made from Manitou to Pike's Peak, and the following cutting from a Denver paper shows the present state of the works, 1884:—

"The Pike's Peak Railway, the completion of which, within the next eighteen months, is practically assured, will be in many respects the most notable piece of track in the world. It will mount 2000 feet further heavenward than the famous Lima and Oroya Railway, in Peru, which is now in operation to a point 12,220 feet above the sea, the highest that the rails have as yet attained. The obstacles that are being met and overcome in its construction are among the most formidable yet presented to engineering skill. The entire thirty miles of its length will be a succession of com-

plicated curves and grades, with no piece of straight track longer than 300 feet. The maximum grade will be 316 feet to the mile, and the average grade about 270 feet. The line will abound in curves, from 500 to 1000 feet long, in which the radius changes at every chain. Forty-degree curves are numerous, and there will be one of forty-two degrees that will describe three-quarters of a complete circle. The road is being built in the most substantial manner, and will be laid with forty-pound steel. The engines will be built by H. K. Porter, of Pittsburg, and will be of the same pattern as those now being successfully employed on the Lima and Oroya Railway, where they were mounting grades of 448 feet and attaining a practicable speed of eighteen miles an hour. The coaches will, in all probability, be built by the Pullman Company, and, while specially strong, will not be more than one-third the usual weight. They will be, in fact, observation cars, the upper parts of the body being composed almost entirely of glass. The running time will be fifteen miles an hour. It is expected the road will cost from $12,000 to $15,000 per mile.

"The first section of eight miles, climbing from Manitou to a beautiful little dell called Crystal Park, 2000 feet higher in the air, is now under

active construction, the company having eighty men upon its pay-roll. It is fully expected that the line will be in operation to this point by July 1, and to timber line, about eighteen miles further summit-ward, by the close of the present year. Fully two-thirds of the grading of the first section is completed, and the line climbing the foothill slopes is plainly seen from Colorado Springs. Though the work is necessarily more expensive at this season of the year, no stress of weather will be allowed to interfere with its steady prosecution."

There is a good hotel, large and comfortable, at Manitou. Of course, in a district such as this game is very plentiful—the bear, the elk, the antelope and others quite common.

A story is told how a few months ago, 1884, a bear came into the telegraph room, at which the clerks relinquished their work rapidly. The bear tested all the instruments, received many shocks and became savage; the traffic on the railway was stopped and everybody dismayed. Ultimately, however, he got out of the room and left quietly for the mountains—nobody followed him.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the Rocky Mountains here; the tremendous peaks covered with eternal snow; the great beauty of the moun-

tains, frequently with patches of dark firs as high as the extremity of the wood line, namely, 10,000 feet above the sea.

There is no place in America where a few days or weeks may be more pleasantly passed than at Colorado Springs.

The country from this to Denver is a sandy plain, but much irrigation by the Platte Lands Company exists. By means of this irrigation meadows are created, and alfalfa, a species of clover producing three crops annually, is made, which brings as hay, in Denver and neighbourhood, from £2 to £3 per ton, on account of its wonderful feeding properties.

The irrigation is by means of canals; the water is taken from higher portions of the streams, and lead over the principal parts of their possessions; then by means of smaller branches, called laderals, the water is led to every field and distributed according to agreement by a rate per inch from sluices.

The soil in the vicinity of Denver is from a light sandy loam to pure sand, but stiff clay is frequently met with.

There are four great natural parks in Colorado—North Park, Middle Park, South Park, and San Louis Park. They are about 8000 feet above the

level of the sea and of great extent, some thirty to fifty miles in diameter. San Louis Park alone is 250 miles long, and in some places 70 miles wide.

In the lower portions of Colorado, next Denver, the Platte Lands Company's main canal is 82 miles long, and is capable of irrigating several hundred thousand acres; forty, fifty, and sixty bushels per acre is common from this irrigated land.

Traces of former canals exist, the very history of which is lost; and they have been in use all over this district and Mexico, as at the present day.

From the amount of water in the Rocky Mountains level can be obtained to irrigate any portion of this district. Of course, improvements cost money, and a good deal of it, from the very extensive nature of the works.

The irrigation commences about the 15th of May. Two irrigations are always required, and sometimes a third, and the water is supplied in quantities to irrigate from 5 to 640 acres. Full descriptions of the land for sale can be obtained in Denver.

The lowest portion of the State of Colorado is 3700 feet above the sea; Denver is 5315; Harvards Peak is 14,464 feet.

From a note attached to a folder the following

is the rate of prices in Denver, but as averages were then low there is little change to this date, 1886:—

Beeves, per 100 pounds	$4.20
Hogs, per 100 pounds	7.58
Sheep, per head	3.30
Mutton, per 100 pounds	7.35
Pork, per 100 pounds	10.92
Beef, per 100 pounds	8.75
Bran, per 100 pounds	1.20
Onions, per 100 pounds	3.03
Beets, per 100 pounds	1.90
Potatoes, per 100 pounds	1.72
Cabbage, per 100 pounds	2.25
Turnips, per 100 pounds	1.98
Hay, loose, per ton	16.92
Hay, baled, per ton	19.17
Corn, per 100 pounds	2.01
Veal, per 100 pounds	9.78
Wool, per 100 pounds	19.00
Flour, per 100 pounds	3.30
Barley, per 100 pounds	2.24
Oats, per 100 pounds	2.07
Wheat, per 100 pounds	1.94
Eggs, per dozen	29½
Chickens, per dozen	4.70
Turkeys, per pound	14½
Butter, per pound	32
Cheese, per pound	15½
Alfalfa, per ton	15.00
Straw, per ton	9.66

The town of Denver contains 70,000 people. It is the centre of many lines of railway—the Denver and Rio Grande, the Colorado Central, the Kansas Pacific, and the Union Pacific.

There is a large and handsome station, called the Union Depôt, containing excellent buildings, with goods and passenger sheds; the space where trains arrive or depart is all covered with wood pavement, there being very little rain in the Colorado a roof covering is not thought necessary. The design of the station is Italian, modified for the present hour, and is wonderfully well adapted for the railway work; high ceilings and large windows predominate.

Upon arriving at the Union Station, I was taken to the Windsor Hotel, belonging to the Platte Lands Company.

The Windsor Hotel here is a block of buildings built by the Platte Lands Company, of which I heard so much at Pueblo; it is a large house, and splendidly got up with lifts at the four corners. It is strange that so much capital from Dundee and other parts of Scotland should be invested in Denver; yet so it is, Scotland has a great stake here, and at every corner you have the Platte Lands Company building blocks of houses, all of the finest description.

The Earl of Airlie has a very large property here, and I found the whole town is more or less Scotch or connected with Scotland.

The beauty of the town is undeniable, the lovely plain on which it is situated, and the great mass of the Rocky Mountains in front, make this city second to none I have seen. Round the outskirts there are a great number of smelting works, such as the Argo Gold and Silver Works, the Colorado Iron Works, and so on.

A few days after arrival I attended court and heard a trial for murder. The court-room is large and well ventilated; round the ceiling are oil-paintings, showing scenes from English history, landscapes of the prairie, and so on—well executed. The judge, clerk of court, and other officials are all in plain clothes—no gowns or any feature to distinguish them from others. The pleading goes on by seemingly any person, and some remarkable statements are made. In this murder case the accused shot man and woman together, and one pleader mentions that such a case had not been before a court for a long time—since the days of Christ, say, six or seven thousand years ago. When the time was discredited by others in court he says, "Well, three thousand years ago, at least!"

The court-house itself is a spacious, handsome building, Italian in design. It is placed in an open space with a fine piece of enclosed grass round it, the approach being by a magnificent flight of steps. Inside, the building is rather disappointing, but it is a handsome structure, notwithstanding any defects, and will compare with any provincial court-house in Scotland or England.

There is a good cathedral. The building is of brick, well built, and the design Byzantine or transition period. It has a fine organ and choir, and the singing is about equal to that of any English cathedral. The congregation certainly looked most intelligent. There was a good sermon, and I enjoyed it very much, being the first sleep I had got for weeks.

Dean Hart introduced himself in the afternoon to several of the injured residing in the Windsor Hotel. He is a most enthusiastic ecclesiastic, and by dint of energy and perseverance has paid off all the debt upon the cathedral, and is likely to incur some more, as the cathedral is now rather small for the congregation.

The railway company provided two doctors for the use of the injured passengers, Dr. Bancroft and Dr. Rodgers.

Dr. Bancroft requires more than a passing word. He is very tall, very kind, very skilful, and possessed of much erudition in the raising of stock and agricultural products. I was very sorry to part with him, but latterly the thought of having a business so far from this without a suitable superintendent made me anxious to get home. I dined frequently with Dr. Bancroft, and left greatly impressed with his kind and genial manners. Mrs. Bancroft was also most kind, heard all my complaints, and gave me the entrée of her rooms at all times. I cannot express in words her great kindness to me, a stranger.

Dr. Rodgers was equally kind and drove me all round the district to the water-supply engine-houses, canals, smelting-houses, and so on. Mrs. Rodgers was also kind and attentive, putting me under many obligations.

Mr. Pierce, manager of the Argo Smelting Works, personally showed me over and explained the process of smelting, from the first crushing of the oil to the final washing with hot water; and I was also shown a brick of gold worth £3000. It was twelve inches long, six inches broad, and about two inches deep—so heavy, that one could hardly lift it. The buildings used in smelting are all sheds, with lines of rails through the centre for

loading or unloading ore. Assaying houses are very common in the town. The ore is now regularly sold by auction, so that the miner may depend upon receiving its worth. In former cases there was much guess-work, misleading to the miner as well as the purchaser.

The laboratory inside the Argo Works is well fitted with furnaces and all appliances; there were several gentlemen assaying when I visited. I also saw some capital balances, finer in fact than I ever examined before.

Another novelty here is, heating the town by steam—that is, supplying steam in each street for heating purposes, so that any house may have a supply: the rate is very low, so much per pipe. The pipes are from three to eight inches diameter; they are laid the same as gas or water mains, and pipes led to the houses, where the heating is by steam. The whole supply is from some twelve boilers, and these force the steam so as to give the necessary power without the use of an engine. The boilers are in a large, open shed, close to the railway station, and where coal can, of course, be readily obtained.

The supply of electricity to the town is by a 420 horse-power engine. This drives eighteen electrical machines, Brush's patent. The supply is given

to any shop or saloon as well as to the large towers at the extremity of the city boundaries, and I may say the town is well-lighted.

The towers now referred to are some 150 feet high, placed about 500 yards apart at the outer boundary of the town, and when lit up make the whole district as clear as upon a clear moonlight night, or more so.

The water supply is from a canal, the water being pumped up to give pressure; there are two engines, and these relieve each other so that a stoppage of the supply is hardly possible. There are also several hundred Artesian wells, from 400 to 600 feet deep. These give a splendid supply for low levels, but have, of course, to be pumped up where pressure is necessary. The Artesian well water is very pure, and hotels and such public places have it in every room, and all menu-cards for dinner, etc., announce that "Artesian well water is alone used in the establishment."

Gambling-houses and State lotteries abound, also people called confidence-men, who run in the unwary.

The drainage sewers are laid in the centre of all public streets, with sub-mains to each block of houses; these are ventilated by pipes at every few feet apart, leading to the top of the building, so

that sewer gas does hardly exist—it is drawn off before it can generate. The burgh engineer has an invention for flushing, and this will be ready for the public use about the months of July or August of this year 1884.

The system of sewage is by common fireclay sewage pipe, jointed with cement, and discharging into the river.

I have now seen much of Denver and its people. They are as a rule nice, civil—but a lot of sharks amongst them also, I would imagine. The villas I have seen are well furnished with all that money can get; everything of value is put into one room. There they have their collection of high art—their sacred chamber; and they show this with great solemnity: but for all this I like Denver, have there received much kindness, and formed associations that nothing but death will sever.

The Denver Club is, with great good feeling and wisdom, thrown open to strangers, with all its privileges; and I certainly appreciated the honour, and passed many pleasant hours in it. There is a good painting over the fireplace, lots of books, and all the daily papers, both American and English; so with billiards, cards, and so on, the time passed merrily enough. But, you know, men cannot be fattened like chickens; and, having

both business and home on my mind, I had not that amount of pleasure many passing strangers enjoy here.

The public schools in this State are well attended and well conducted. I examined one school on the northern side of the city. It was a large, plain building, and the master kindly conducted me through each room. It was a primary school, with mixed white and coloured children. I have seen many schools, but must give Denver the palm for the best writing I ever saw, also the best made arithmetical figures. I however found by a little questioning that the teachers do not approve of the mixture of the pupils, coloured and white.

I had to-day a confidence-man waiting on me, and insisting that we were acquainted. I am hanging about with a dislocated arm, broken ribs, and so on. I want some one to talk with, and he asks me the amount of compensation I have received, if it is paid, etc.; but I assure him it is not, and as the Company plead they have no funds I may have to pay the hotel bill before leaving, so cannot invest any money. But I am persuaded for all that to enter a State gambling-house by this confidence-man, who assures me his little sister has won, he thinks, quite a pot of money; then

into a nice, clean room I go along with my confidence-friend, broken arm and all. I think I could thrash him if it comes to the worst, as he looks soft and fat, is well-dressed, and does not seem possessed of energy—moreover, had nothing to lose.

Another soft, fat, forty-five-year-old man is sitting at a table with a clerk, and receives my confidence friend gravely. Confidence-man begins:—

"You—ah, my sister got this, what's it worth —ah?" (produces dirty ticket).

Dirty-fat man (turning up a book).—Ah—ah, it's worth 500 dollars—ah!"

Confidence-man.—"But it says 504 dollars!"

Dirty-fat man.—"Ah—ah, you see there's some commission, as it has not been sent through this office!"

Confidence-man.—"Well, that is four dollars I have over?"

Dirty-fat man.—"Yes!"

Confidence-man.—"Well, I will invest four dollars in the next chance!"

The Dirty-fat man then turns up a book and finds he has a ticket for four dollars to sell, and moreover he can cash if he wins; will he have this ticket, and pay half a dollar for it as commission, that is four and a half dollars altogether, The confi-

dence-man agrees to this, and the dirty-fat man asks confidence-man's friend—that is me—to lay a pack of cards upon a board covered with numbers. I unwillingly comply, but the numbers look like the twelve signs of the Zodiac, so I am tempted to gratify the two. The cards are shuffled, and as directed placed over numbers; the board is reversed, covered with a cloth, and my friend the confidence-man draws a card, and is assured he has now won 150 dollars, less the four and a half dollars invested. I assure the two gentlemen that it appears so straight-forward and simple, I can have nothing to do with it, as I don't like to make money so easily. I never saw the confidence-man again.

Gambling is carried on to a terrible extent here, and all down the main streets of the town. Through the course of the evening, billiards, cards, roulette, and other games are continually proceeding; and the shouts and noise from every room where gambling is going on makes the streets quite lively, and as they are all well lit, everything is seen upon both sides of the roadway.

There is a good theatre, or opera-house, with the best possible companies from New York, Sydney, and Paris. The acting was remarkably good, and the interior of the house quite equal to

anything I have seen. Altogether, Denver has many attractions, and I can quite account for its being called the "Queen City of the Plains."

I was anxious before leaving to see the Idahoe Springs, and got a ticket for George Town by Golden, a distance of something like sixty or seventy miles; the line is the ordinary narrow-gauge of three feet.

After leaving Denver, until Golden is reached, the plain is a huge, sandy desert, but wherever it can be irrigated the land is in a high state of cultivation.

Golden is the first town of any consequence sixteen miles from Denver. It contains the Government school of mines, and several paper works. Instruction is given at Golden in assaying, free of all charge, so that any young man with a reasonable amount of education has here a splendid opportunity of making himself fit for employment in any smelting work.

The most of the town is built of brick, with endless sheds and engine-works belonging to the railway company. The curves of the railway are very sharp, but without such curves the canyon could not be made available for a railway, and the little engine passes over the bridges steadily.

The canyon is called Clear Creek River, or

Clear Creek Canyon; about half-way up the canyon, high upon a rock overlooking the valley, is placed Clear Creek Hotel, or Chimney Gulch Hotel.

There are several stations and one junction to Central City. All along the canyon the sides of the valley are pierced with mining works; shafts and water-troughs for driving mill-wheels; remains of dams erected in a temporary manner, and swept away with the first heavy flood. Ruins of works connected with mining continually occur, and Clear Creek is simply a very dirty stream now. The rocks rise high above the stream, perfectly perpendicular in many cases; at others, sloping away or forming flat spaces, called "bottoms." These places are generally stocked with sheep or cattle, and the stock thrives well. These spaces are always enclosed, but there are few houses.

Idahoe Springs contain several hotels and boarding-houses—Spa Hotel or Sanatorium was where I resided. There was as usual a black boy with a bell at the station platform shouting out the virtues of Spa Hotel. This youth carries your bag, if his hotel is chosen. It is a comfortable, plain house, and Mr. Van Hummell, M.D., a good, kind nurse. There is a large bath built of stone,

say 120 feet long or so, but not yet roofed in. This will be finished in a few months, ready for bathers. The ground around this bath is all sheds, poor houses, or agricultural attachments for pigs, hens, sheep, etc.—always trashy fencing. Now, pigs are animals that require stronger fences than any ordinary animal, and such not being provided here, piggy wanders at large.

The Soda Spring is about 400 yards from the hotel—a wooden building with a mine into the hill. The mine is very hot at the extremity, and the water is drawn from this spot. It is the strongest soda spring I ever saw or tasted, nice and warm, not hot. The bath is a shabby, temporary, wooden affair, and the water can be turned to any part of the bather's body. It certainly did me much good in a few days.

The bar of Spa Hotel is a temperance one. A great many young men sit round the stove smoking, but no drinking. All discuss minerals, show specimens, and discuss the relative merits of claims. From the education most of these men have had at Golden the discussions are valuable and most instructive. Lead and silver are the principal ores found here.

The scenery from the hotel is very fine. The Squaw, the Chief, the Little Squaw, and so on, are

the names of mountains, all covered with eternal snow, but appearing through the clear atmosphere quite close, although many miles away. The wood line is here given as 10,000 feet above the sea. Now, Dr. Van Hummell keeps some very fine stag-hounds, and a whole array of dogs or curs, capable of hunting the elk, bear, or wolf. The prairie lion is a large, dangerous animal, and one was caught below this room a few nights ago. It was not hunted but poisoned, and the skin shows a very large animal. From here there is a road to Central City—a place, like all rising mining towns, with nothing in particular but miners in the bars talking of projected great fortunes that never seem to come to them. There is also a railway joining the Golden Line.

There is an election at present, and all the population are interested in it; but they grow excited and noisy. The delegates from George Town are fraternising with those from Golden; and I keep outside the car on the guards with several others who fear a row.

I returned to Denver after a few days, but would advise anyone to make a visit to the Toltec Gorge at George Town before leaving this district.

George Town is a mining town, but it is said for many months in the year no sun ever 'shines there. It is not much of a place, and some six miles from it the Toltec Gorge is seen from below. The railway now being formed is near the top of the canyon, and runs out of a tunnel and over a bridge on the line. It is a fearsome place, the gorge being more than 1000 feet deep; it is called 2000 feet sheer down. The train goes very slowly over this spot, but several things have happened to make it remembered. Once a wash-out took place, and one of the carriages rolled down about this place; all the passengers killed.

The return is made very quickly down to Golden, but I have another look at the deserted dams and mining works. There are dreadful stories of suffering from the works, of shafts falling upon and burying miners, who never returned; and months after the shafts were reported at the nearest tavern bars as collapsed—fallen in. And this is the last of some adventurer, strong, hardy and full of hope! No word of his fate would ever reach his friends, as few men make confidantes of their chums at first; and it was at the outset of the mining work most of the shafts crushed in were swept away or destroyed. All sorts of stories are told. They have the ring of truth, and

I never doubt them. Now, farewell to the Rocky Mountains. They have been to me in my illness a great source of delight, of conjecture, and of yearning to spend, when well and able to enjoy them, months again in their vicinity at Spa Hotel!

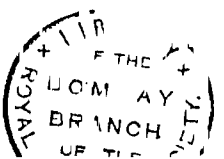
All men I met here at Denver were civil and considerate—generally silent men. Miners are always silent until their hobby is touched; then out of odd pockets come bits of galena, gold, silver —all sorts of minerals; and with bated breath they describe the pócket they know of in some far-away mountain-side, that would make any man's fortune; but the cash for such is required. Even in trains this goes on. A lady and gentleman from Mexico are taken, or pretend to be, with a stick I have in a bundle, and wish the name of the wood. Then gradually develop a beautiful deposit of silver, which they propose to give away to any person who will take shares. I have not the name now. The lady is accomplished, not young or designing; the gentleman plain, sensible, but with a dreadful eye to business and dollars.

I have seen no desperadoes, but one fellow fired in the train at the engineman for something or another, and was arrested at the first station.

All the stories of the Rocky Mountains, of their dreadful inhabitants, bad manners and such

matters, have providentially been kept from me; and yet I was a prisoner in a manner, and in Denver should have seen those scenes of riot, murder, or rapine; but such never appeared, and I walked through the outskirts and centre of the city at all hours day and night. But I do not advise others to do so, they might come to grief. Perhaps being very shabby in dress I was considered of no value.

I was continually addressed by ladies and gentlemen in the hotel; asked how I was and so on, most civilly—even on the streets by those who were aware of my being a fixture for some time in Denver. In fact, I rather think many of the adventures published of the Rocky Mountains are romances. No doubt the great altitude of the district is congenial to lying, and this must have tinged the imagination of hurried visitors, who must be excused for this simple, but pernicious habit.



CHAPTER XV.

FROM DENVER TO NIAGARA.

I LEFT Denver for Kansas City by Union Pacific Railway. The whole country is level; the plain looks very fine, from having the splendid peaks of the Rocky Mountains as a background; they are now covered with snow, and this may be held as above the altitude of 14,500 feet; the plain runs direct to the foot of the mountains. There is now no grass but the seemingly rotten buffalo grass; this feeds many thousands of stock. The buffalo grass grows only two months in the year, yet it is made into a fine sort of natural hay, from the great heat of summer withering it, without its losing any of its feeding properties, and supports stock better than any other class of grass; the animals thrive upon it when there seems no pasture but burnt-up plains.

There are thousands of animals feeding upon what appears a barren, sandy waste, and at Wray Station, where the streams assume an appearance,

they are in great numbers, feeding upon the meadows next the river sides. The number of dead cattle evidently killed by passing trains is beyond belief. I can see one at least every mile, seemingly quite recently killed. There are also hundreds lying dead, and rotting in all stages, near the river-side—not one or two, but in numbers; and I can count twenty-five and thirty in many cases all lying together; they also form sad sights in the water, evidently not many hours killed. Perhaps there is some epidemic, but no man I have met can give any information upon this subject.

The rock at the summit is a soft limestone, and forms miniature canyons in many places. This huge plain, some 500 miles in length, is totally unenclosed, and grows only the buffalo grass, the cactus, and the Indian grass; the very bright spots of green are where water rises to the surface, and these form at short intervals pleasant spots upon which to rest the eye.

At Indianola the ground begins to be cultivated, and all the towns, such as Red Cloud, Superior, Chester, and so on, are quite alike. Strange enough, new places have an odd look of each other, but how any person could lay out such sites I cannot imagine. They begin at the railway

station, and there naturally afterwards follows a saloon, then a blank space or two, then a drug store or so—but the town is begun! It seems however to me that where a nice site exists for a town, it is very carefully avoided; no nice position is taken, the site must be level, look on no hill or river, but be as flat and uninteresting as possible. Nice little holes they will become in a few years!

Medicine is studied largely in the States, and it will require an army of men to keep such places healthy. The cost of living upon what might be considered a good salary is always declared a great difficulty by the lady of the house here, and I have no doubt in this locality she considers a well-dressed lady an absurdity, from want of beholders; but for all that, if well dressed, she will have an inward sense of satisfaction that religion will fail to give her in these solitudes.

Kansas City is upon a hill, with the lower portion next the Missouri entirely occupied by wharves, steamers, sheds, and the railway station or depôt. Much of the town is in this place, also the works of the Company, with well-built houses the rule.

It contains 56,000 inhabitants, and is about the dirtiest in the matter of streets I have yet seen; perhaps they have been laying sewers,

or gas, or water, or some such. There is a very large bridge, but rather frail-looking, over the Missouri River; and, as the river runs with great force here, the foundations must be very deep or they will run a great risk of being undermined. The approach to the city on the side of the Missouri is very fine. The land is quite level and well fenced for stock; there are a great many large trees, verdant meadows, and everything looks prosperous. After passing the railway bridge all gets changed. There is nothing but smoky chimneys from factories and steamers moored to the wharves. The weather is rather wet, and dark clouds seem to indicate a cyclone or thunderstorm somewhere on a big scale, and roads and streets are in a bad state with mud.

This city has great natural beauty—fine wood, fine water, and everything a city could desire to have upon both sides of the river. Whether the corporation of the city of Kansas will get the other side into its possession I do not know. If they fail to do so they may make money, may do many things, but once lost it may not be possible to recover what seems now available. There is a public park to the south of the city, but, again, beauty is not looked at; level and uninteresting in

position, it lacks what is most required—diversity of surface.

The railway is upon the low ground, and the station, although commodious, is not adapted to save strangers from confusion. One has to be over the place several times to know where to go, and this is quite American. It is not, however, considered by men in business, or otherwise, the best thing, that all must be gone over several times before you find your way readily.

The outskirts are very pretty but jumbled, and no regularity or neatness; now and again a well-kept villa, but this is not common. All the land is good—in fact first-rate land, and it now continues so for the remainder of the journey.

At Lamar-Ran City and Springfield Railway there are several large enclosures, with many thousands of good sheep all under one management; the flock is the largest I have yet seen in America, and the ground appears well adapted for their support—close, firm, English grass everywhere, and well put-up wire-fencing, with a small but compact farm-steading, house and offices. The water here is now all clear and good, and running with some rapidity. This is a new line of railway, but I am now at the country I passed over in 1881: the ground is exactly what I thought it like, neither

better nor worse; the subsoil is also the same. This railway has, however, been made close to Springfield, and there appears more traffic than when I was last here. A great party of men and women, on what they call a Convention, are in the train; the men, and such men! are closely shaved, sharp as needles, yet kindly someway, speak upon the one topic—this Convention. They do not seem able to pass on to another subject; they scream and shriek in such a funny way, make jokes, and laugh very loudly—but in many cases the joke is not apparent to me.

At Springfield went to the old hotel—the Metropolitan, half dead, but got better after tea.

Left Springfield and came on to Pierce City, Missouri, to visit the ground at Barry. Strange enough I met several of my friends in the train and arranged to visit various properties. The whole country is altered since I was here in 1881; the wood has been cut down; it is more densely populated; and in every way improved. The alteration upon the roads is also marked; they have laid out new lines and taken out the detours, but the ground is all the same, soft and bad. I was very glad to reach the home farm at Purdy, meet my old friend Mr. Johnstone, and be able to walk over the farm, mark the improvements, and

feel at home, although still a good distance from it.

There had been some dreadful cyclones in this part of America lately, and several people have been killed by falling buildings. I am suggesting to the manager here that a very strong addition should be made to his dwelling-house with stone and lime, a thing that would do for a store and yet give protection in a cyclone, even were the house to fall on the top of it.

On Sunday visited Butterfield, a side-station. A man was preaching in the open air to more than 150 people; there is no church in the place, and the school-rooms are too small for the purpose. It was however a nice, warm day, and the service was conducted under large trees.

I now enter Cassville, the county town of Barry, and see many of my old friends belonging to the county courts. In the evening there was a tremendous thunderstorm, the ice fell in lumps as large as an ordinary walnut, but very few pieces were larger than this size. The whole country here is in danger of being injured from the destruction of the forests, the one idea seems to be to cut down and destroy wood. I have endeavoured to impress upon the county clerk and others the necessity of leaving belts of wood, or

at least clumps of wood, partly with a view to the improvement of the landscape, and partly to prevent the rainfall diminishing, as it will be a very serious matter for the whole country should the water supply fail. They will not even listen to me.

I now wish to visit the Scotch Missouri Company's land at Neosho, and took a day for this purpose. This Company possesses nearly the whole county of Neosho, and have some of the finest stock in America; much of the land is like a nobleman's policy ground, without the mansion-house. The land is undulating, with splendid trees, and many hundreds of pedigree stock grazing in each enclosure. Mr. Lawson, the manager, explains the pedigree of the stock, and certainly the rich colour of the cattle and the beautiful park make the visit most enjoyable. The property is divided by strong wire fencing into large enclosures, about 100 acres each, but many enclosures are of less extent.

The town of Neosho has a railway station, about one mile from the offices of the Company. It is a small town of about 1000 inhabitants; there is a good supply of water, and a quarry (freestone).

The buildings of the Company are being erected anew, and as this Company comprises the principal parties in the town, they have most at stake in

it, the buildings will likely be marked in character. The other buildings in the town are small—a good hotel, and the usual class of shops. All sorts of agricultural implements, seeds, and labour, may be purchased or hired in the town; and as it is very prettily situated anyone wishing to purchase land could be accommodated here, or at Pierce City, should the land be wanted on the Scottish Land Company's district at Barry. Both districts afford ample scope for farming or wine-growing. Some of the rough claret made on Neosho was really excellent of its kind, and I do not see why fruit-growing should not be pushed forward at both stations.

After seeing Neosho, returned to Springfield, and booked again for Kansas City. The country round Springfield is admirably adapted for fruit-growing or general agriculture, and at Fort Scott, half-way between Kansas City and Springfield, there is a great amount of business done in agricultural and general manufacturing.

Several branch railways leave here for the Mexican districts by New Orleans, so that the place is likely to be of some importance in a few years.

After arriving at Kansas I had an examination of the upper district of the town. It is a large,

populous city, and various lines of railway lead into it. There is a great business carried on here in packing pork; it is the principal station in the States for purchasing cattle, so also it is the head-quarters of all ranchmen and cattle-dealers.

From Kansas City eastwards, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railway, until the town of Quincy is reached, the country is flat but beautifully cultivated. At Quincy there was a delay of two hours. The town has several quarries, a great amount of agricultural material and elevators for grain, but no town of any consequence; the river is not navigable, but affords an excellent supply of good water.

From Quincy to Chicago the country is almost level, well populated, with thriving farms and good buildings in every direction.

At Chicago the railway has been altered since I was last here, and the accommodation is now much better, although still too limited for the place. The population is given now at 503,304; and the buildings are certainly better than they were three years ago.

Tramways on the cable system are laid down in all the streets, but some of them are still worked by horse-power.

The Grand Pacific Hotel, at which I am resid-

ing, contains everything a hotel should have—they are also civil and attentive.

I will not attempt to describe the town more minutely than merely say that it is a very splendid one, and the buildings erected recently reflect great credit upon the architects. The tramways are now being made on the cable system, and many new villas in the outskirts of the town are upon a splendid scale, with much carved work; and great sums of money must have been expended in their erection. After three days in Chicago I feel able to run down to New York, or at least half-way. I find that travelling incessantly of late has made me decidedly ill, and being afraid of a lay-up, I must push on for New York.

The country is excessively level, but well-populated all the way to Cleveland, Ohio. This city has 160,000 inhabitants. A very good station and several railways join at this point. The ground rises very rapidly behind the town, and there are great iron works, so that the place is one where money changes hands largely.

The station and the whole town is built of stone, the streets are well paved, causewayed, and altogether it is a beautiful situation. There is a large bridge and viaduct, and a great deal of shipping in Lake Erie.

After leaving Cleveland there are various peeps of Lake Erie, until reaching Buffalo; the country is a fine rich one, well enclosed and well populated.

After reaching Buffalo find time to again examine Niagara, and reach that delightful little town early in the afternoon. As there are several hours to spare before I need return in the evening, hire a conveyance for some hours, and determine to see where Captain Webbe was drowned, on the Niagara River.

The whole country round Niagara is well enclosed on the American side, with good houses along the side of the Niagara River. There is a large mill-lade taken off above the Falls, for driving the mills in the vicinity of Niagara, of which there are many; this admits of enormous power being introduced, without destroying the Falls or the appearance of the river, and various scientific papers have been published upon this matter. If the discharges could be regulated, so as not to make a teeming accumulation of flour from the mills, it would not be in any way offensive, but at present flour and refuse destroy the river slopes.

I reach what are called Whirlpool Rapids, and take a good view of the river from the top of the

bank. The water is perfectly green, and the sides of the fissure or canyon down which the river pours appear quite as beautiful as when I first visited them. The Falls themselves are also very beautiful, and in no way inferior to the high opinion I first had of them.

I purchase various small Indian curiosities, and am assured by a very smart young lady that there is no road beyond Whirlpool Rapids, where I now am, but find, about 100 yards from Whirlpool Rapids, the public road going straight on to the whirlpool, with a good road to the Whirlpool Hotel, and a curiosity deposit.

Captain Webbe, I think, could have swam the Niagara River Rapids, but the dangers of the sides must have been apparent to him, and no sane man could count upon keeping the centre of the river, all the way to the Rapids. It was a very plucky but very dangerous feat, and cost the poor fellow his life.

At the Whirlpool Hotel I am charged half a dollar to be allowed to walk through the grounds, and get a good view of the whirlpool. It was worth it every penny, but surely the State should let all the world see this really wonderful place—free of charge!

Returned to Buffalo and walked through the

town; it is beautifully illuminated now with electricity, the streets being as clear as day. There is a great population walking in the principal streets through the course of the evening, but no noise or rowdyism—all very quiet and nice.

The flagstaff admired in 1881 remains, but cannot find where it is from.

CHAPTER XVI.

NIAGARA TO NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

LEFT in the morning for New York, by Albany, the land principally orchards or small farms, and well stocked; in fact, the place is quite like the Midland Counties of England; the villages and towns all of brick or wood, well populated and clean. Rochester is very nice, seemingly doing a large business; there is a good covered-in station and offices at the depôt. Here I met a builder, who at once took possession of me. Upon hearing I had an injured arm he wished to bind it up with carbolic acid, etc., use a battery upon it, and so on; but I declined medical assistance. He knew well about building and lumber, so his conversation was useful. Price of wood, good employment, and so on, formed the subject of conversation. The Schenectady River is very lovely; there are many fine mansions on the banks of it, all in good taste and very finely kept.

After reaching Albany the Hudson River is

crossed, and the views of the river are in no way inferior to the general description of the same. The railroad curves are very quick, but as it is a broad-gauge there does not appear any reason for feeling afraid of the rate at which the trains get along. The banks are precipitous, covered in many cases with wood. Constant deep cuttings or tunnels occur, and neat harbours with smart little schooners at anchor at all stations on this line—the New York and Albany Railroad.

The Catskill Mountains are in the distance, lit up by an afternoon sun, the river like glass—the whole place like "Sleepy Hollow," there being little bustle at any station on the river-side. There is no talkative passenger with me this journey, only very common people all bent on some serious matters of their own; and so the train rumbles on, until New York is reached, a cab procured, and the conductor satisfied at the portals of the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Feel very much worn-out, but gather myself together readily again, glad I am in no way more injured than merely shaken.

Visited the large bridge at Brooklyn, erected since I was here in 1881, and am greatly delighted at the success of the undertaking. It is expected to be opened for traffic shortly.

Visited the National Picture Gallery, Maddison Square. The building is of marble, curious more than chaste in design, and the productions of native artists fairly good.

It should be kept in mind that America is a new country, that schools of design, schools of painting or architecture, cannot be produced at once. No doubt Americans fancy that if a man studies painting, with funds in his chest and talent, he will rise to eminence; but death steps in before he has time to do more than merely make a position; founding a national school occupies a long time, and must be taken in hand by various good artists and carried on by them, that young men may have proper training. The productions now shown want much of the refined finish which other countries more favoured do not want. Do I make myself understood? Young men, artists or architects, can take up a subject well matured by others, and give themselves a tremendous advantage in not having to take up the same matter in a more crude state—this is called school. The pictures all show this; the school is awanting. That refinement, which comes from proper tuition, does not exist yet to any extent in America. Many of the pictures are very good, but all want time to develop.

Met Mr. Jamieson, Edinburgh, who I found was to be a fellow-passenger in the *Gallia*, and this gave me great delight.

Walked through the public park, and carefully examined the laying out of the same. It is very pretty, and contains many noble views, and one American institution that might well be followed in Britain, namely, a well-mounted coach, taking visitors round the park, across and through the park, for about one shilling. This is a great institution, and an American expressed to me "that it was a great moral movement of the masses in the march of intellect," and I told him he was quite right—why not? What a mouthful!

Swearing amongst children is pretty common here. Three little girls sitting next me were talking of heaven—it was Sunday. Some few questions were asked, and answered amongst themselves; when the oldest child, say, ten years of age, a girl, answered savagely, "How the devil could she do so, she was in heaven." Another child, a very beautifully-dressed thing, on being prevented seeing the sailors "skin the cat,"—damned the eyes of her pretty nursemaid very firmly. There is much room here for Moody and Sankey, without their quite coming so far as our shores.

Got on board the *Gallia* early, seven in the morning, as she sailed at eight, and met several gentlemen I had formerly known. This was very pleasant.

Three days out from New York icebergs were fallen in with, and the usual mist and cold commenced.

The speed of the vessel was reduced, but the fourth day saw us clear of the fog-bank, although at one time more than twenty large icebergs were round about us; many of these were high—it was thought about 300 feet; and it was with a feeling of relief the last of them were seen about six in the evening.

The voyage was calm and the weather warm. Queenstown was reached at midnight, the voyage from Sandy Hook having been made in seven days. Liverpool was reached the next day, and after a farewell to all friends, took train to Edinburgh with an old friend; parted at Carstairs; then to Edinburgh, which was reached at eight in the evening, after eight months' travelling over some 29,500 miles by sea and land.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RABBIT NUISANCE.

THE subject of rabbits in New Zealand having become a nuisance in the north island, caused me to make every enquiry during the visit, and with the following result.

In all my travelling I never saw one whilst in New Zealand, or had a dish of them offered for use.

All my enquiries tended to show, that either the stories were much exaggerated; or that the money spent by the Colonial Government in contracts for poisoning rabbits had effectually cleared them off the face of the country; or that they had never existed to the very serious extent mentioned.

Every person knows that in any ordinary grass field, near a plantation, rabbits may be seen in any part of Scotland during the afternoon and evening. They do not require to be hunted up, there they are in twos and threes, often in larger numbers, at every short distance. Now we read of the

inspector for the Crown mentioning that the reserves are rapidly being rendered worthless, and so forth; yet in all my wanderings, by day and night, I never saw one; and certainly had they existed to the extent mentioned, I must have seen them, even although a large number had been destroyed.

As an article of food, I would have thought the usual canning process would have been adopted to get rid of them profitably; but this has not been done, as far as I could ascertain by enquiry. A tin of rabbits was not heard of at any store.

In Australia they also exist, and are considered a nuisance; but ferrets, weasels, stoats, and other animals from India, are imported for their destruction.

In Brett's *Auckland Almanac*, 1884, the following occurs; and as the town of Napier is fifty miles south of where I was, I presume they do not exist at all in the districts visited:—

"A few years ago the number of rabbits on the sheep runs of the southern provincial districts had increased to such an extent that the sheep-carrying capacity of the Colony had decreased to an alarming extent. Not only did the rabbits consume a great portion of the herbage on the runs, but it was shown that the sheep would not touch

grass over which a rabbit had passed. Urgent measures, if the pest was to be coped with, were necessary. The Government divided the Colony into rabbit districts, appointed inspectors, and by importing ferrets, distributing poisoned grain, etc., did all in their power to check the increase of the rodent. The concluding portion of the report of the Chief Inspector for last year shows what progress has been made :—'In conclusion, I may say that though the pest has been decreased in numbers during the year, yet the area infected is gradually but slowly increasing. In the north island rabbits have been seen, in odd ones, near the Napier boundary, and steps have already been taken to meet this danger; and it is hoped that by checking it at once the numbers will never be sufficient to cause any serious damage. In the south island they have appeared in the Waimate and Geraldine Counties, and an agent has been appointed there to enquire into the state of the district, etc., and to take the necessary steps to prevent their increase. Reports to hand show that this step was not taken too soon, as they are known to exist in several localities. But confidence is expressed that, as the numbers are as yet comparatively few, the pest will not be permitted to increase sufficiently to cause such damage as has occurred elsewhere through neglect-

ing them on their first appearance; and I am glad to say that owners in these localities, as a rule, fully realise the threatened danger. On the whole, I think I may fairly challenge contradiction in asserting that since the Act of 1882 came into force great destruction has been effected, the result of which, I trust, will be patent during the incoming year.' It is estimated that last year 993,600 acres of land were dealt with under the Rabbit Act, 2843 lbs. of phosphorus were used to poison them, and 8,922,756 rabbit skins were exported—viz., 1,500,456 from Wellington, 2,034,204 from Canterbury, 4,873,891 from Otago, and 514,205 from Southland."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN NEW ZEALAND.

SINCE my visit in 1884 a great earthquake has occurred at Wairoa, and it cannot be told better than in the *New Zealand Herald*, as follows. It took place on the night of the 9th June 1885.

"*The Locality.*—The beautiful lake district of New Zealand has for several years been recognised as one of the wonders of the world, and it was visited by crowds of tourists, not only from Australia, but from all parts of Europe and America. The lakes were placed in a district enjoying a lovely climate; they were set amidst romantic sylvan scenery, and their waters were of most rich and varied colours. The hot springs of the district made baths of the most luxurious description, and which were proved to be efficacious in the strengthening of the frame and in the cure of diseases. Above all, so far as beauty went, were the White Terrace and the Pink

Terrace of Rotomahana. Poets have sung the praises of their loveliness, while they have been described in detail by famous writers, among the most eminent of recent visitors being Mr. G. A. Sala and Mr. J. A. Froude. The region formerly subject to volcanic influence extended from White Island, a detached island in the Bay of Plenty, to Tongeriro, in the centre of New Zealand. In a belt between these points were manifestations of volcanic action. It was, however, of a very mild description. From White Island arose constantly a column of steam, and also from Tongeriro; and on the line between them were hot springs, small geysers, and mud volcanoes. The volcanic manifestations were, indeed, only objects of beauty or utility. Tourists delighted in the views of the terraces and geysers, and remained sometimes for months to have the benefit of the baths. The natives cooked all their food in the ngawhas, or boiling springs. The only accident that ever happened was when some person incautiously stepped into the springs. The tourist traffic was found most beneficial to the country, and some time ago the Government determined to promote it by every means in their power. A township was laid off convenient to the best baths, which were formed, and machinery adapted for regulat-

ing their temperature. A hospital was erected and a resident medical officer appointed. A railway is also in course of construction. During the time in which the country has been known to Europeans—a period of about sixty years—there has been no change of any moment in the appearance of the hot springs district. It was quite common for a spring to stop flowing at one place and to reappear at another; but the changes were only trifling and local, and no danger was apprehended of any explosion. Further, confidence was given by the fact that native tradition—extending, it is thought by many, over fully a thousand years—said nothing of any violent eruption.

"*The Maori traditions* record, with much detail, that the ancestors of the race, landing from the Arawa canoe and penetrating into the country, found the hot springs just as we have seen them. There is no record of Tarawera mountain showing any signs whatever of volcanic agency; and one of the earliest native traditions records that the body of a great Maori chief was laid on the top of Tarawera mountain, on the spot which has recently become active. But the state of things which has endured, for perhaps many thousands of years, has now come to an end.

"*The explosions* were heard at Auckland, 150 miles from the scene, early in the morning of the 10th June. The district is one in which there is almost no European settlement. It was largely visited by tourists during summer; but owing to the fact that the soil is not fertile, it is but sparsely populated, even by natives, to whom the whole district belongs. The lives lost amount to six Europeans and ninety-five natives.

"*The scientific aspect.*—According to the latest information everything is quiet, but Dr. Hector, the well-known New Zealand scientist, has ordered Wairoa to be abandoned, the road closed, and another road made further south. He considers the outbreak local, that it began on Tarawera, on account of there being no vent for the steam, and that the latter became super-heated, and blew part of the top away. He also considers that the earthquake caused by this mighty effort cracked the pipes formed by the work of ages, through which the water came from below to the terraces and hot springs; that the water then getting deep down, burst up the country for ten miles south-west of Tarawera, and caused cracks through which the steam is now escaping. He states that there is no lava, and that it is nothing but an exaggerated outburst of super-heated steam; that

the cinders, heated red-hot by super-heated steam, were thrown up by Tarawera, while the mud and ashes came from Rotomahana.

"*Flames a thousand feet high.*—A vivid description of the scene is given by Mr. M'Crae, the landlord of the Rotomahana Hotel at Wairoa. About 12.30 A.M. the earth began to move, and it shook continuously for an hour before the eruption broke out. When this was first seen, it was just like a small cloud on the mountain, with flashes of lightning of great brilliancy. All the people were got out of bed at the hotel, and went to the old mission station to ascertain the cause of the occurrence. We saw a sight that no man who saw it can ever forget. Apparently the mountain had three craters, and flames were shooting up fully a thousand feet high. There seemed to be a continuous shower of balls of fire for miles around. As a storm appeared to be coming on we returned to the hotel, and shortly after what seemed to be heavy hailstones came pouring on the roof, which continued about a quarter of an hour. This was succeeded by a fall of heavy stones and fireballs, and mud and lava, falling after the manner of rain.

"'*They thought the last day had come.*'—For a time they thought the last day had come, but this did

not prevent them seeking safety. But where was it to be found? If they left the dangerous shelter of the hotel, and went out into the horrible darkness, they were smothered with dust, choked with foul vapours, and could but grope their way like blind men. The roof of the hotel gave way about half-past four A.M., with a loud crash, and the whole of the upper storey collapsed, the débris falling into the rooms below. They left the smoking-room and went into the drawing-room, which, as it was the newest part of the house, they thought it would stand the longest, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they got there, owing to falling stones and mud which impeded them. When we went outside, everybody without exception was cool and self-possessed. The back part of the house, in which was the dining-room, gave way next, and all of a sudden we heard a fearful crash and roar, as if thousands of tons of stuff were falling, and we heard the balcony come down.

"*They pray in the darkness.*—As the party stood in the hotel while the pitiless shower of mud was falling, and while the mountain was vomiting fire and smoke, all momentarily expecting death, Mr. Bainbridge, a young tourist, who was staying in the hotel, asked if any of those present would like

to engage in prayer, and all cheerfully consented. He read a chapter from the Bible, and then offered up prayer. Some moments elapsed, and 'we were all silent: I went up to him, and thanked him for having thought for us all in these dread moments (says another who tells the story), for during the whole time we were expecting death at any moment, either by being buried alive by the sand, mud, and stone that was overwhelming the house, or by suffocation with the sulphurous gases which pervaded the atmosphere, or by crushing under the falling timbers, or being swallowed by the opening ground as it trembled beneath our feet. There was also the additional danger of being burned to death by the fireballs which were dashing over and through the building.'

"*The dreadful night.*—Then Mr. M'Crae tells the rest of his tragic story:—'It was agreed that we should make an effort to save ourselves, and with this object determined to leave the hotel and make for the first Maori whara we saw standing. At the time a terrific gale blew, and hot stones and mud still descended incessantly. We agreed to stick together. Mr. and Mrs. Humphries and Mr. Bainbridge went out first. I and two girls followed with the rest. It was so dark that we could not see our hands before us, and we directed

our way by instinct, calling to one another frequently to ascertain our relative positions. One of the men, myself, and two girls arrived at a whara, when we found Mr. and Mrs. Humphries, Mr. Minnett, Mr. Stubbs, Mr. Bainbridge, and Mr. Barker missing. In a shower of stones and mud I went out to try and find where they were. I found Mr. Barker stuck against a tree. I took him to the whara, and went back to the hotel to find the others. I found Mr. Stubbs and Mr. Minnett; they had groped about for some time, and had returned to the drawing-room.

"*Amid the pouring mud and glowing fireballs.* —' At half-past six I got a candle in a bottle, and went up to the residence of Mr. Haszard's family. It was still pouring with mud and stones, and I was knocked down two or three times. I had previously been struck down many times when looking after the others. When I reached the school residence, I found Mr. Haszard's two eldest daughters, a Maori girl, Mr. Blythe, and his assistant Mr. Lundins—some sheltering in the fowl-house, and the others on the lee of a part of the house, the hall of which was still standing. The house was in ruins and flames, and I could see no sign of Mr. or Mrs. Haszard and the children. I sent a party down to Sophia's whara, and went

thence as soon as a glimpse of daylight came, which was about eight o'clock. All the party, with the exception of John Bird and myself, started for Rotorus. We all returned to Wairoa, and commenced to dig for the bodies of the Haszards, and to our great astonishment found Mrs. Haszard alive.'

"*The writing in the ruins.*—The scene of desolation in the morning was indescribable. Young Bainbridge was found dead in the hotel verandah. It would appear that he was engaged writing in one of the rooms of the hotel a few moments before he was interrupted by the terrible crisis he was momentarily expecting. It is evident the document was written with wonderful composure, and by a man prepared for the death which he believed was so near him. The punctuation is attended to, the 't's' crossed, the 'i's' dotted, and the handwriting firm and clear. The document is as follows, with the heading as we give it:—

"'*Written by Edwin Bainbridge, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.*

"'This is the most awful moment of my life. I cannot tell when I may be called upon to meet my God. I am thankful that I find His strength sufficient for me. We are under heavy falls of volcanoes'——

"An old priest, Tewhaeo, who is supposed to be over 100 years old, was unearthed at his whara, near the landing at Lake Tarawera; he was found sitting in a crouching position, and when the search party tried to drag him out he strongly demurred, saying that there were half-a-dozen *taupos* (devils) waiting outside for him."

The effect of the earthquake upon the Paeroa has not been at all disastrous from all I can hear; the wind blew from the south, so that any dust or mud was carried in the opposite direction to the Paeroa.

If the wind had blown from the north, and the dust and mud been carried across the swamp there, it would have been a great advantage to the land. As it has been, all accounts agree that the land around Tarawera, generally a poor rocky soil, has been much improved.

I have no doubt tourists will visit this district, as before, the chances of another earthquake giving a spice of danger to the expedition—a thing it had not formerly; merely visiting the beautiful and the wonderful being only a tame affair after all.

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM GLASGOW TO NEW YORK IN 1885.

IT was thought advisable in 1885 to have a visit again made to the home farm of the Scottish Missouri Land Company, for finally making arrangements as to selling or letting it, and I was asked to accompany Mr. David Littlejohn, solicitor, Dundee, for this purpose; having already been over this property, and reported as to its capabilities, the visit had now lost much of its novelty.

On the 13th August we sailed from Greenock in the Anchor Liner *Furnessia*, Captain Hedderwick, and about six A.M. next morning we were slowly going up the River Foyle to Moville, a small village below the town of Londonderry. The passage was calm and uneventful. The company next morning consisted of Americans returning to New York after travelling over different parts of Europe, and Scotsmen going on business to New York or the States. One gentle-

man I found made casquets or coffins: he had visited his relatives in Scotland, but did not seem delighted with them. I asked about Scotsmen in New York, and was informed many of them were hardly worth burying. So much for business. Some did well, others so-so. He was now completely an American. Another, in poor health, connected with a factory, hardly spoke. Another, with a beautiful young wife, had a secret sorrow, or some such bother: they never spoke. Those from Scotland had much more birse, had not got "blasé," and looked forward to the voyage with great pleasure. One clergyman had written a book. All had some object and energy marked enough to carry through anything. There was no lack of speechifying and music in the evening. A nondescript man I could make nothing of, was called "the Fog Horn," from his loud voice. The voyage was pleasant, and without incident. Much mist off Newfoundland. One morning a good deal of thunder, then great heat, and this continued to New York.

The landing was delayed very wisely from Sunday evening until Monday morning; the overhauling of our "plunder" or baggage being conducted in a splendid large shed, but it occupied several hours, so that when the Fifth Avenue

Hotel was reached it was midday, and before evening all felt worn-out and ready for rest. Tickets were taken for Chicago direct in Pullman cars, although I did not like this way of getting over the ground, the route being by Philadelphia and across the "scenic line," with its famous passages. It was new to me, and certainly a most lovely journey. The horse-shoe curve appears dangerous, but no accidents, so-called, have taken place here, and, after a smooth ride, reached Chicago in the morning.

A gentleman in the carriage I did not recognise had been in the train when it left the rails at Salida, in the "Rockies," a year back, recognised me, and was glad to hear and see me well, his last look of me being at Pueblo, where I was being taken to the hospital all battered, and not expected to see the morning. He, I must say, appeared astonished at my recovery. It was very kind speaking again to me,—American all over. They are the kindest people living, if they would not be so dreadfully gone upon making money.

Chicago was reached in the morning, all dusty and worn-out, but the Pacific Hotel sets one up again. The Lord has always made my "lines fall in pleasant places." After some work with Mr.

Sidway, bade good-bye to Miss W—n, promised her a sketch of the ship, and until now did not remember having done so, but will do it.

Saw the Chamber of Commerce, a splendid, large, airy building, much more commodious than the former building; but the "Babel of noises" heard in 1881 still continues, and no improvement in the arrangements of the selling department have been effected. The building is roomy, and suitable for the work, although it appears to me in the worst of taste.

Left for St. Louis, but came out at Godfrey station to pass a day with Mr. Sidway. His place does not appear improved, but this I account for by the ground and crops being now harvested, so that the ground is bare and dry.

A story is told thus—"A parrot here was addicted to swearing, and punished by having its cage covered with a cloth, after the bird had been watered with a gardener's watering-pan—a punishment it did not like. Whilst this culprit was being allowed to dry before the kitchen fire, some chickens were brought in, also to be dried, they having been caught in a heavy shower of rain. Parrot addressed them, 'Poor devils, have you been swearing too.'" This was vouched for by a very fine American lady.

A pleasant evening—much music, and then to bed—gave my sketch of the *Furnessia* to my clever American lady. Then away to St. Louis next day, and again travelled by night to Plymouth Junction; reached the home farm very tired in the afternoon. At the work of examination in every detail for several days; before completing am convinced it is well done. There are now the most glorious crops of apples in every garden, every orchard, and everywhere; and yet it is not, I am informed, so good as 1884 crop.

Silver and lead have been found on the Cos lands at Panacea Springs, and two young miners are anxious to purchase or make some bargain with the Company's manager, and I am deputed to accompany them to the spot selected for work, so bundle away to have a look at the place; and after a drive, the worst I have undertaken for years, find the lot. Judge Harris, of Panacea, went with me—the hotel manager, Mr. Pharis, at Cassville, driving. Mr. Potts went part of the way, and then alone to the shaft. The men did not turn up, but there was very little indication of minerals. I saw part of the lands belonging to the Company not before seen by me. Many natural caves occur in the limestone strata here, reminding me of Derbyshire and all its caverns. Back to Cassville

at dark, then to bed very tired. Many wolves reported to infest the district; and when I proposed to remain in the shaft over the evening they would not hear of it, and would give no reason until pressed, when, "Well, sir, there would be nothing of you left in the morning, the place is swarming with wolves;" so I did not camp there.

Next day drove with Mr. Pharis to Roaring River, and past the mill lands there. This will some day be a hotel as well as a corn-mill; being near Eureka Springs there are numbers of visitors, and the miller talks of running a hotel without delay. He is a shrewd, money-making man, and may do a big business if it is well conducted. Again, there are reports of great finds of "galena," but they do not condescend to be specific in the position of the find; and I am inclined to think it unfounded: however, without camping on the ground, it is useless trying to determine such, driving to and from the place occupies all the time, nothing left for examination.

The Roaring River below the mill is in some places very deep, and after joining the White River traces of destructive floods are seen all down the valley. A few wooden shanties occupied by squatters constitute the whole population, but the

haugh or bottom lands are well worth cultivating. The sides of the valleys are poor and stony, but at all hands I hear that this poor land is admirably adapted for the cultivation of grapes. It is also brought under my notice that at Neosho the best land for vineries is rather poor and stony, so I make up my mind to carefully visit the vine lands at Neosho.

When at Cassville with the miners yesterday, Judge Harris drew my attention to this same fact, that the poor lands were admirably adapted for vineyards and fruit growing; and that by inducing German settlers to locate themselves in the Cassville district, much of the land, unfit for cultivation as arable land, might be available for vineyards.

There is a considerable amount of walnut growing on the sides of the White River Valley; but in the midst of my cogitations a thunderstorm breaks over the district, and am now warned by the driver that there are no bridges on the White and Roaring Rivers, and any rise in the streams will at once prevent my return to Cassville. As the day is far spent and wet, think it best to turn back.

The whole of this district, by the White and Roaring Rivers, is poorly populated. There is

immense water-power, and it appears to me admirably adapted for manufacturing.

The nearest town of any consequence is "Eureka." Five years ago it contained 20,000 people, but since then the springs have lost their novelty, so the population remains unaltered.

A line of railway was made to "Eureka" two years ago, and the distance is given at about three miles to the nearest station on this railway, and eight miles to Eureka from the Roaring River Mill. A line of railway could be made down this valley, but it would be liable to injury from floods. At present the road is very bad, and after rain impassable. I have no doubt that in a little time, as the country gets populated, a line will be given down here, leading towards Cassville; but the expense may prevent its construction for some time. It is much needed, but this may be said of all parts of America.

CHAPTER XX.

NEOSHO.

BACK to Purdy Farm again, overhauled all stock and other matters, and prepared for a visit to Neosho station, the property of the other Scottish Company. Mr. Lawson, the manager, drove us over the level land forming the south boundary of their home farm; the roads were dry and dusty, unlike any formerly seen. A visit was made to Mr. Jager's wine-growing location in this district: it is some forty acres in extent. The grape used is small, light or dark in colour, according as it is white or red wine that is to be prepared. The clarets were grateful, but heavy, fine rich wines. Some of the other qualities were also very superior white wine, and these will some day be in demand beyond this district.

The Phyloxeria, or grape disease, was imported to the Rhine from this district in America. It is a well-known disease of the grape here, but mild,

and does not kill the plant. After importing to France or Germany it assumes more fatal powers, and at once destroys grape and plant. Thousands of plants are sent annually from this district to replace these lost vineyards in Germany and elsewhere.

Mr. Jager's house had been lifted from the centre of his location to the road-side, a rude sign intimating that wine could be had there for a quarter dollar per bottle; and he seemed to be doing some business. His wife was most polite and civil, adding fruit and biscuits to the wine. This made our rest after the dust and heat a delightful one. The level land at this summit was partly in crop (Indian corn), of which a large portion had been reaped, but grass land predominated. The orchards were all in full bearing, and a large amount of land had been ploughed since 1884.

The appearance of the vineyard was very nice, looking from the road. The new location was uninteresting and common-place: looked like a good wooden drinking-house; but I have no doubt it will by this time be overgrown with creepers and vines, making it all look cheerful and interesting. Various prairie schooners, with their white tilt awnings, had camped out here, and the parties

were resting, smoking, or looking for allotments, here worth five dollars per acre and upwards.

A large natural wood of fine white oak, hickory, and other timber, is being destroyed upon this district; also round Pierce City. It never appears worthy of saving—any remonstrance with the local authorities treated as a great joke. I tried to explain that water would fail, and that the dreaded tornado would do more damage if the wood was destroyed; but no attention was given to me.

A heavy thunderstorm commenced in the evening, continuing for hours. The lightning played in wonderful sheets, lighting up the whole heavens, but gradually a more decided tone began, ending in dreadful thunder, wind, and hail. There is a want of water in this upper district, although there are some good deep streams. The subsoil is a species of vitrified rock—hard, white, all broken in pieces from one inch to one foot across, with a rich loam, dark chocolate in colour, the whole surface being covered with deep loam about one or two feet deep. There is a good amount of natural wood on the ground, and a great number of large trees.

The ground does not appear at the southern extremity so stony as at Roaring River, and the

subsoil appears different where a section can be obtained; but it is the same class of ground generally overhead.

At Neosho Town the subsoil is very rocky, quite as much so as at Roaring River; the rock sandstone, and a hard species of gneiss or schists at one place, but there are limestones also near.

I had a day to spare before returning to Barry County, walked round the town, examined the National School Building and part of the district. It is a busy little centre, and may one day become of much importance. The population is, however, fluctuating. This generally cures itself in a few years, and people get settled down.

The school-house is upon an eminence in a wood, and the town has the leading streets laid out, with the school-house as the centre. The court-house is of brick, well placed in the best part of the town. The office of the Missouri Land Company is a most commodious building for conducting business, the best in the town; but others are springing up near it, and in a few years it will be barely recognisable, the alterations and improvements will be so marked.

I now return from Neosho to Pierce City, a distance of twenty-three miles, and part with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn, who go on to

Manitoba. The station at Pierce City is very busy as usual, but it does not appear strange or unfriendly. There is a certain feeling that I am at home when there; in fact, everywhere is home; sentiment in this is absurd.

CHAPTER XXI.

NEOSHO TO NEW YORK.

AFTER leaving Pierce City I made a survey of Barry farm, and ascertained the exact acreage, position of fences, and buildings, so that any after reference to the farm, when in Scotland, could be definitely made and communicated to the manager in America. The time occupied in surveying 500 acres was under four days in very hot weather.

A great deal of thunder and lightning was now experienced in the evenings; the whole heavens were, in the first instance, lit up, but no thunder. This continued for several hours. The thunder with wind and rain then began, the wind rising to a gale, generally blowing down some trees and sheds. How any of the buildings stood was marvellous. These storms frequently reach the dignity of a tornado, levelling houses and woods, or destroying life, every few weeks, but I never met anyone who had been actually in one of them.

Many dwelling-houses have cellars under them, into which, upon the approach of a storm, the tenants can retire for safety; but I would think the danger of being covered with the débris much greater than the danger outside. Again, the danger from the wood of the houses taking fire appeared great—another reason for not going into such places.

What I recommended was a very strongly framed hut, erected clear of the buildings, and with the earth sloped to the roof, so that the wind would have no effect upon such a structure. This would be a safe shelter, readily available at such times: it would also be a nice cool place to pass the afternoon during the great heat of midsummer; and by thus constantly using it prevent such a structure falling into decay from neglect, and when required be found untenantable.

A considerable amount of galena is found all over the province: it lies in small lumps, is found when digging wells, drains, and such like, but no regular efforts have yet been made to work it. The young men prospecting at Panacea Springs left no record or trace of their exertions.

To-day I trampled upon a rattlesnake when surveying: he was killed by one of the men. My soul squirmed when he rushed out from below

my feet; the continuous noise from the sicola, locust, and such like insects, having drowned the sound of his rattle. I was not quite so fond of dry, stony places for days after. The survey now completed, left Barry and said good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Johnston. These my new friends are, many of them, very nice, quaint in their ways, and good. The chainmen were two Missouri lads, receiving one dollar per day; good, hard-working men. They were most anxious to see the survey when laid down on paper, and I may yet be able to let them see it. Many of their remarks were very good, quaint, and pithy; and I liked them.

There is to be an Exhibition at St. Louis, opening to-morrow, so I will see it on my way back. At Pierce City spent the afternoon with Captain Purdy, examined books, and so forth—Company work. He had been in the Confederate army and had seen much service. Once, when short of provisions, the General-in-command and Captain Purdy purchased a heifer some miles away from the camp, then located at a corn-mill. When driving it home, night gradually crept upon them, and they heard the cry of wolves, then infesting the district, and gradually they were aware of being surrounded by a pack of such. When yet more than a mile from camp, Purdy rode forward for the men to

assist in defending their purchase. Upon reaching their commander, the men found the pack of wolves had quite surrounded them; so it was a matter of great difficulty to get back to the camp in safety, but by continually firing they were kept at bay; and, said Captain Purdy, "I never saw men more nearly demoralized in my life, but we got back with our rations."

Upon reaching St. Louis the Exhibition was visited: it presented no great features different from the exhibitions of the same nature. The building is a handsome stone building, in good taste, commodious, occupying one or more blocks. The Exhibition space is laid out the same as in others; but there is one matter deserving notice from its novelty. At several corners of the building there is a large basin, silver or some such metal; it is, say seven feet across, two feet deep, circular, and floating in the centre a huge lump of ice. The liquid is lemonade, there are hundreds of tumblers at hand, and the charge is about one penny per glass—clear, cold, refreshing lemonade. Young ladies ladleing it out, also drawing in the payments. They are smart, sharp, and shoppy.

Perfumes are squirted upon all passers-by—from another stall—very nice perfume indeed; and the young persons very smirking and kindly disposed,

only they are desperately fond of making sales.

Some of the boats and sailing canoes are very finely modelled, and sold at moderate prices. The art of canoeing is much practised in America upon every river, lake, or sheet of water, for fishing, picnicing, and so forth.

Glass-staining and similar arts have a high reputation in Philadelphia; many of the windows and designs being very chaste, the glass good; not inferior, I should say, to Munich, or any I ever examined.

A very nice old fellow shows me a patent elixir of life, found in a spring 400 miles south of San Francisco. Being tired, I sat down and heard him all out, tasted the elixir, which might have been from the nearest pump, being tasteless; offered to drink all his collection, and his grave remark that some thirsty children once did so by mistake, thinking it was water, provoked from him a hasty profanity. May he be forgiven. They drank up his whole stock; perhaps Elisha was under a similar annoyance.

The Hotel here is being painted anew. A dreadful murder had been committed in it, I think, so it was thought better to obliterate, and re-number all the rooms, that the ghost might not be dreaded,

or bother visitors. The clerk and others were very kind to me upon all occasions, and really civil.

The town is more dirty and smoky than formerly. I can see no cause to complain of want of employment, all are busy; and the activity is not from probable, but actual work, such as building. The town is also rapidly extending in all directions. The land round here is very rich, but low lying, and, next the Mississippi, swampy and liable to fevers.

From letters received I had to proceed again to Chicago, and do not like this, being back the road traversed so often. Chicago appears always dirty; no increased amount of station ground seems ever to give room for passenger traffic. The streets at the depôt are always being broken up, and always in frightful disorder. A hasty visit was made, and arranged to leave on Saturday for New York; did so; and by another line of railway travelled all night, and arrived in New York on Sunday evening, tired and wearied; back to Fifth Avenue Hotel now for some days.

Visited Sin-Sin station or depôt, some thirty miles up the Hudson; before going went to the Municipal Buildings, and endeavoured to get an order to go over the prison. This, I am informed, is

not necessary. The prison governor however refused to admit me, an order from the Corporation Clerk being required. I however saw the outside of the building, and prisoners at out-door work, all very happy, almost nothing to do; some quarrying, a good deal of gossip, and seemingly a pleasant time of it. The prison is heavy-looking, with stores all round the building, giving it a disordered look. At the inner gate the clerk asked me if I knew any person in New York, but would not let me have even a cursory glance round the building. The arrangements as to locking doors in the entrance lobby were carefully carried out, but the place had none of the neat, orderly appearance of a British "Lock-up;" thus disappointed, walked back to Sin-Sin depôt, and tried another way of turning my visit to account.

Hired a buggy, and drove to the Crotan Water Works, some six miles from the depôt. The driver is a nice fellow, chatty, and has never been many miles from home. Houses here rent at about the same as at home, say, £25 to £35 per annum, for a house of six or eight rooms, unfurnished. Remember, they are wooden houses, used as summer quarters, each with a garden, orchard, and a good view; also complete retirement. The Hudson is all Washington Irving described it.

Now that is saying a great deal; any of the little dells might be Sleepy Hollow, but that there are an unchancy lot of roughs prowling on the road, workmen at the new water-works, idling after the manner of their kind.

The trees overhanging the road are laden with apples, and I help myself, although the driver says it may be punished by fine and imprisonment; but there is so little strict morality here, so much freedom; why not, so I helped myself.

The works at Crotan show a stone embankment or weir, for impounding the River Crotan; the stream is quite dry, and it is explained that a tunnel has to be cut some miles long from the weir, and the water taken to New York direct, without going round the hills as now.

Workmen are busy at the tunnel entrance, clearing rock for a "heading," and the place is very active. All the men are drawn up the steep face by ropes to the ledges of rock. The work is easy, and after a little it will be in fair working order. The men at present are very like all men at this stage, inclined to talk, suggest, and do little. There is a steam-crane or two, with donkey engines, working the face away. I am rather disappointed at the River Crotan, it does not come up to my old country ideas of a water supply. The

river is evidently a short supply, and winter rains too much counted upon to fill the reservoir.

Where water can be had in such abundance, one million of dollars, more or less, is a small sum for New York; and a better supply should certainly be looked for, even if more than other thirty miles away. The terrible risk from fire in America makes water more than a necessity; it is, in most cases, a matter truly of life and death.

The reservoir is a long one, of no great depth; the scenery upon each side of the lake rather tame. There is no great inducement to go over the ground, so I go to the nearest hotel bar and have a look at the men employed on the work.

All are young, say, between eighteen and twenty-five, mean-looking Americans, slim built, smoking, and drinking Lager beer—a bad-looking lot. I would not care being long with them; the half-hour beside them is not pleasant. I see no strong, healthy-looking men able to do a day's work, but dissipated-looking fellows, mere loafers. Of course those at the bar are the scum, still I have seen no good men to-day. A murder has been committed on a ganger; the police have apprehended some one; so there is excitement, as the victim was a sober, industrious fellow, and well liked.

My intention was to remain here for a day or so, but I do not care about the place; there is little to examine, and the company likely to be met with indifferent, so drive back, and, after leaving the vicinity of the dam, my driver has his "beard on the shoulder," as the Spaniards say. He is most unhappy, and, as it is getting dark, anxious to be home. I ask him, "Are there ghosts about?" "No; but dangerous company in the woods and lining the roads." The population is very thin, and he wishes back to Sin-Sin Hotel.

The land is mostly in pasture, with rock cropping up, few fields, almost all grass land or orchards. I find the land is worth about £5 per acre; some of it, even at this price, would be dear; but the land where enclosed is very fair, and a man could do well here raising stock. All stock is lean, I presume, from the heat at present; but the fields have been well cultivated where enclosed, and the stubble good. It is fit for feeding any stock. A district like this is to me seemingly better than further west, if a man is seeking a home; it is more like land, say in Galloway, than any I have yet seen, and has all a look of the south-west of Scotland.

Somehow, there is a ring of truth in this district that I have not met before in America.

The land is not rich like prairie land, but it is good for all that: it is near New York, and that means a great deal; and, for an investment, I say, "Try the sides of the Hudson."

There are, as already mentioned, a number of good farms here, mostly cultivated by retired men from New York. Sin-Sin is seemingly a flourishing place, and well populated, but the outskirts are not so. I have not met ten pedestrians since leaving Sin-Sin on the roads, and it is the public road to Crotan district.

The station or depôt at Sin-Sin is pretty, well-kept, clean, and evidently a depôt subject to inspection. Walked to a small public-house and had a chat; the bar-keeper was careful of every word, but at last told me he had sometimes a rough lot about. There are many monied men residing here, retired from business, making, as he said, "their peace with their Maker,"—perhaps they were trying it on.

Quite a lot of too-too bonnets, with good smart boots and gloves. One sharp, really pleasant man, kept buggies. I would recommend this man 250 yards north-east of the station; green door and shutters, tree next door, house on slope, but forget his name; apples sold next door, and, turn in the road, doctor's house near it, good smart American citizen.

And now I am again on the banks of the Hudson—dream of my youth never expected! and yet I have looked again and again on the Catskill Mountains, and seen the Hudson without being wearied, and may say truly, "Sweet Hudson, may you never be made more than a dollar to Sin-Sin from New York!"

The guard or conductor is very civil and chatty, but does not know the depth of the main channel of the river. Got back, however, to New York and Fifth Avenue Hotel in safety, then to theatre, then to bed.

There is always a great amount of loafing in passing the one remaining day in New York somehow, little messages and mementoes are required; they have been forgot, and are at the last moment remembered. I was no exception to this human weakness, but made sure of the ship's berth first. The *City of Rome* was to sail at twelve noon, and a hurried forenoon passed. It had blown a gale or cyclone for several days, doing much damage on the seaboard, but as it was blowing homeward I felt at ease. A strange wish was uppermost to remain for the winter in America; this could not be gratified, so had to wish for another opportunity of doing so.

There were few passengers returning; several

however I knew, so it was rather pleasant than if all alone. Several operatic artists, a director of the ship's company, Miss F—ne, a lady evangelist. This latter had more perseverance than falls to the lot of ordinary ladies—preached to the passengers, saloon or steerage alike; talked, sang, and made herself most agreeable; so that the saloon was quite a pleasure circle.

Now, why do so many working-men come back from America? It is not the want of work, but a restless wish to get an easier life; a lazy lot to look at, but amusing when talked with; always grandiloquent, with a strong wish to impress the saloon. This rather fails.

The gale continued all the way over, with a very high sea. Cape Race was clearly seen, and signals exchanged with many ships in the fish trade, wanting to be reported all well. They had been out for months fishing and sending cargo back, as it could readily be sent; rather a dreary life always moving about the one spot of the ocean, exposed to every tempest; but the vessels are all well-found steamers; they are called "Tramps."

I am still of opinion that a light-ship should be placed at every 500 miles of the course. The sea is not too deep for mooring such vessels, and the

short stage exposed to the ice floes might be passed over without a light-ship; the average eastern boundary of the ice being the station for a ship, the next would be clear of such dangers. My idea is perhaps the same as that of every other person, to save the risk of collision by steering right and left of such light-ships, and as guides to ships blown out of their course.

The number of ships asking their position is beyond what is expected, and it is replied to with alacrity. Again, it is difficult to give in rough weather; in fogs, out of the question. And by having such stations any ship would know her position to a nicety, by day or night.

Arrived in Liverpool on 31st September, after two months' travelling.

The voyage was a wonderfully pleasant one, although during the whole time it blew a furious gale. I said good-bye to my fellow-passengers, and returned to Edinburgh, such voyages seeming to me now only a pleasant holiday excursion, although actually embracing more than 9000 miles of sea and land.

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